the LINK

August 1962

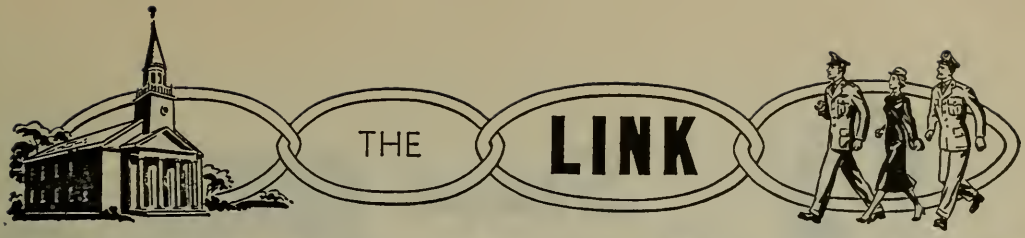
IS CHASTITY OLD-FASHIONED?

TAKE A LONG LOOK AT LIFE

GOD WAS IN CHRIST

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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Front: "When I smile, another smiles; and soon there are miles and miles of smiles; and life's worth while because I smile." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Bell Tower, Mission, San Juan Capistrano. California, where the swallows come back year after year. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: Getting ready for the electronic age. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Old mill restored, near Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, Mass. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Jim Talone. Occasional spots by Volk.

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Sound Off!

Is Grateful His Church Sends LINK

Thank you for the wonderful articles in your May issue of THE LINK. I receive the publication each month thanks to the concern of my church and really enjoy reading it. I pick up my mail and when I get the booklet I sit right down and read it from cover to cover. I hate to lay it down because I don't get to read it for almost a week when I do. It goes from one roommate to another and practically through the whole barracks and provokes many interesting conversations. Everyone in the barracks says thank you and keep the good reading coming.

—A/1C Byron E. Smith, Box 206, 4238th Supply Sq., Barksdale AFB, La.

THE LINK in Vietnam

Shortly after arriving in Vietnam I was delighted to receive 100 copies of both the March and April issues of THE LINK. Thank you so much. I think you and the General Commission on Chaplains are doing a wonderful job in providing services to the men and chaplains in the military. Thank you so much for honoring my request for THE LINK. Already it has gone out to our chaplains and men scattered throughout this entire country. May God bless you in your great ministry.

—Chaplain (Lt Col) John A. Lindvall, MACV Chaplain, Vietnam.

LINK with Christ

Enclosed find a money order for $13.50 for the copies of THE LINK you have

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Is Chastity Old-Fashioned?

By DALE OLDHAM

Chastity avoids a thousand problems, headaches, and fears, for chastity is God's way for young people

EVERYONE admits that we are living in the most literate, best-educated age in history. This is the age of the quiz kids, and their very braininess may be the reason why so many parents are suffering from inferiority feelings.

These youngsters are smart, knowing, well-read. At breakfast the other morning a mother said, "Johnny, eat your cereal!" And Johnny replied, "Motivate me!"

But does knowledge alone make a nation great? We are smart people, but what is our intelligence doing for us from the standpoint of character? We need close examination at this point, for we have taken the Bible from the public schools and have prohibited opening the school day with prayer. We have largely rejected Sunday as a day of either rest or worship.

What is the result? Moral and spiritual values are being lost in the shuffle, and these things have to be taught to every generation, for if we miss just one generation, we may lose the gains of nineteen centuries!

How are we going to live? Which way will we take? Will we live for the temporal or the eternal? Will we live for God or self?

Temporal or Eternal

Paul said, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to

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everyone that believeth" (Rom. 1:16 KJV).

How I wish that every nation in the world would enunciate this testimony! America in particular is in real danger of allowing pleasure, material things, and sex to crowd God out. And this is becoming all too characteristic of every nation in the world.

Where are we at fault? In the United States we have more church members and college graduates than ever before, but between 1950 and 1960 juvenile arrests increased 105 per cent.

In 1960 Americans spent $258,000,000 in legalized horse race betting. Embezzlement of sums of $100,000 or more from commercial banks jumped from a total of $8,800,000 in 1959 to $10,100,000 in 1960, and most offenders were trusted employees of long standing with good records.

We seem to be undergoing an entire shift in public opinion with regard to moral standards and spiritual ideals. How has this come about?

Well, first, twentieth-century wars can be blamed in part, for war is always disastrous to morals. Murder and violence, even when legally approved as in the case of war, are terribly hard on the home and its moral and spiritual standards.

Second, in America as in no other country on earth, advertisers have exploited the feminine form in every possible way as an attention-getting device. Billboards, magazines, comic strips, paperback books, et cetera, are equally guilty in this exploitation of a nation.

Breakdown of Moral Standards

All this increase in exposure, the exploitation of sex in literature, the movies, and elsewhere, is being reflected in a breakdown of moral standards and conduct.

A tragic number of young girls are forced to drop out of school every year because of pregnancies. Illegal abortions have become almost commonplace.

A great deal has been written about the physical dangers involved in violating the moral code, but much less concerning the psychological and spiritual damage which inevitably follows such transgressions.

More and more often, "going steady," as it is called, begins at a terribly immature age and is often carried on for months before the girl's parents even meet the boy or the boy's parents meet the girl.

All the while the intimacies of heavy petting are bringing these immature young people to grips with the most powerful physical force in the world. Parents cannot always police teen-agers. Away from home they are on their own.

One Sign of Transgression

Watch a young couple during their courting days, and you will observe that the quality of their relationship is invariably reflected in their dispositions. If the relationship is good, sound, and healthy, their dispositions will actually improve. They will live happily relaxed with you in the home. But an increasing irritability or crankiness, particularly if accompanied by deteriorating work

at school, could mean something else.

One of the first signs that transgression has taken place is an increased irritability, although certainly there can be great irritability without this.

Healthy courting should bring out the best in you. If it brings out the worst, something is wrong. In healthy courting there is a deep satisfaction, for example, in worshiping together. In unhealthy courting, the church is often avoided. Attendance would bring the discomfort of a condemning conscience.

This new freedom which young people have in going together places a tremendous responsibility upon them. It means it is entirely up to them whether they make glorious success or an inglorious failure of their lives.

However, since this is not an age characterized by self-control, chastity is often looked upon as being terribly old-fashioned. But hasn't morality always been old-fashioned?

Why Be Controlled?

The general attitude seems to be, "Why be controlled when so few others exercise control?" Let me suggest a few answers to this question.

First, premarital intimacies are terribly dangerous to a friendship, for they are invariably followed by a loss of self-respect and a diminishing respect for the other person.

The boy may say to himself, "I don't really love this girl. She is just physically attractive to me."

The girl has misgivings, too, and may be suspicious that the boy is thinking exactly as she is. The boy may begin to doubt the quality of the girl's conduct before he met her. If she lowered the bars for him, were there others? And in the back of the girl's mind is the hounding thought, "Does he really mean to marry me?"

Then there are those pesky guilt feelings to deal with. You always have to do something about guilt! In many ways a sense of guilt affects personality! The irritability is often accompanied by a certain recklessness—a certain closing of the eyes to consequences—and a certain hardness of heart.

You can ignore guilt for a time, but it will pop up again. Out of the depths of the subconscious it will return to cause trouble.

The only real healing for guilt is God's forgiveness. Even so, those who violate Christian standards of chastity are never again quite the same.

Were moral prohibitions given to spoil our fun, or rather to make possible a higher happiness. a finer marriage? Impatience with the moral code can lead to all kinds of trouble and heartbreak.

For example, the incidence of venereal disease is soaring to an alarming high among teen-agers these days, in spite of all the medicines available to effect a cure. Both embarrassment and lack of funds often keeps a youngster from seeking medical help.

Again, many young men are forced to drop out of college in order to assume the sudden financial responsibilities their irresponsible acts have thrust upon them. Many

long-range programs have been spoiled by these forced marriages.

On the other hand, many marriages simply don't take place. But even when young people do marry after being intimate together, the matter isn't fully settled.

When guilt is in your heart, any little spat or argument is easily misinterpreted. The young wife says to herself, "He despises me because this happened to us. He treats me like a dog because he no longer respects me."

And she reacts according to her ruffled feelings. He walks out and slams the door, and it is at least possible that he may not come back.

A guilty conscience causes all kinds of trouble! Down inside you say, "I'm no good!" And a guilty conscience generally looks for a scapegoat. He says, "It was all your fault!" And she says, "It was all your fault!"

So you have blame and accusation, charges and countercharges, argument after argument. The fat is in the fire—because of guilt.

God's Way for Young People

Think about it: Isn't it far wiser and better to let Christ control your courtship and marriage? Isn't it far better to remain pure and chaste and have something holy to offer your partner in marriage?

Never forget, old-fashioned chastity brings with it old-fashioned rewards—the rewards of peace of mind, contentment, self-respect, and the higher delights of pure love.

And chastity gives your coming marriage a far better chance for success. Chastity puts stars in the bride's eyes on her wedding day. Chastity avoids a thousand problems, headaches, and fears, for chastity is God's way for young people.

Sure, it's old-fashioned to be good! Sure, it's old-fashioned to have standards and stick to them! Sure, it's old-fashioned to be different! Sure, it's old-fashioned to control yourself! But won't you always be glad you did?

I know the battle some of you young people are fighting, and I know the power of the temptations you face. That's why we pray for you daily.

But you are not doomed to fail. Through Christ you can succeed, for "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

I sincerely believe you need more of God in your life to keep you pure and strong in him, to give you control, to keep you loyal and true to your inner convictions. ■ ■

"Oh, her . . . the doctor put me on a fresh milk diet."

Make Way for the World of Tomorrow

By AUBREY B. HAINES

A preview of the World of Science, the World of Century 21, the World of Commerce and Industry, the World of Art, and the World of Entertainment may be seen at the Seattle World's Fair

TOMORROW holds a bright new future in scientific devices to make life easier. But all these inventions become pointless if we lack the ability to live together in peace and brotherhood. Until we learn to accept and understand each other, learn from each other, and share the goods and burdens of the world, our scientific inventions will profit us little.

What science may bring us is predicted in The Century 21 Exposition now being held in Seattle. It started April 21 and will continue until October 21. The theme of the Exposition is "Man in Space." A monorail carries you from the heart of Seattle to the fairgrounds. Two trains of four cars each, operating at speeds up to seventy-five miles an hour, carry passengers to and from the Exposition. The two trains operate a shuttle service on a ninety-five-second schedule. A maximum passenger load for each train is 450 persons, or about 10,000 persons an hour!

Passengers move up to the stations on moving belts known as "speed ramps." Leaf doors glide open and shut automatically for speedy loading and unloading of passengers. One technician operates an entire train.

Before you come into view of the fairgrounds, you see the 600-foot Space Needle, which dominates the skyline and contains a revolving

restaurant near the top. Capable of seating 220 persons, the restaurant revolves once an hour. Here you view a breathtaking panorama. The Cascade Mountains are to the east, Mount Rainier on the south, and Puget Sound and Seattle itself below, while the towering snow-capped Olympic Mountains are to the west. Part of the thrill of the Needle is the trip to the top, where an observation deck is above the restaurant.

The Space Needle houses the world's highest, largest carillon. A 500-bell electronic instrument, it plays music audible up to ten miles away. The city of Seattle acquired and donated the site of the Exposition, which will become a civic center when the Fair ends.

Five sections constitute the Exposition: the World of Science, the World of Century 21, the World of Commerce and Industry, the World of Art, and the World of Entertainment.

The United States Science Pavilion is a complex of five buildings clustered around a fountain plaza with five arching towers. Among the exciting exhibits they hold is the "Spacearium." Here you grip the railings of a tilted space platform for a hair-raising simulated flight into the cosmos.

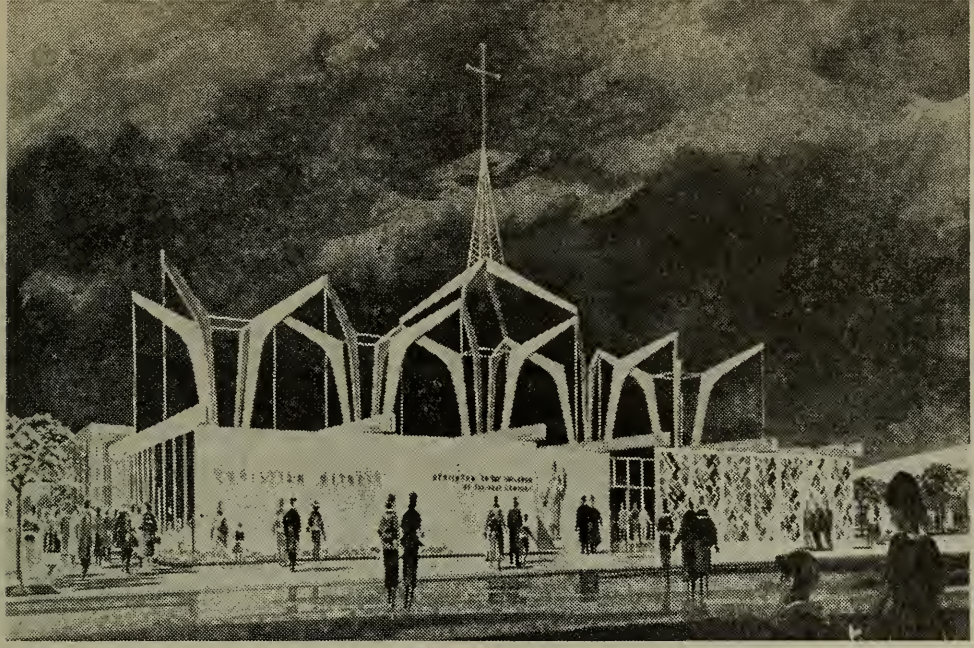
You not only buzz the moon but roar through Saturn's dazzling rings, rocket to the Milky Way, and continue on to unknown planets and galaxies in the farthest reaches of the universe. Your billion-light-year journey takes twenty-one minutes. Then you come safely down to earth.

What gives you the feeling that you are traveling through space is the specially made camera lens that projects an image onto the form of a hemispherical, geodesic dome. Fine Arts Productions of Hollywood made a thrilling film of the cosmos, which Cinerama projects at the Fair.

Coliseum 21, a gigantic structure built by the State of Washington, provides nearly four acres of unobstructed viewing space under a roof that soars to eleven stories. Here you step into a rotating elevator shaped like a bubble, called the Bubbleator, for a short lift into an ingenious bank of metal clouds. There you see the homes, offices, schools, automobiles, and miscellaneous scientific devices of the twenty-first century.

You view the exhibits from a "cloud" of three thousand aluminum-covered cubes, each four feet square. Walls are replaced by jets of air. You see many kinds of appliances that derive their energy from the sun. You find foods created from cotton and wood wastes and clothing made from

Rails and supporting structures for the Monorail along Seattle's Fifth Avenue. Trains will carry about 10,000 persons per hour to Fair.



Christian Pavilion and Children's Center at the Seattle World's Fair dedicated to citizens of Century 21. Cooperative effort of 22 denominations and 17 agencies, it is in native woods with laminated arches and bold Christian cross. Inside is exhibition hall and small chapel.

plastic. You are amazed at the sight of convertiplanes.

Among the seventy American corporations offering exhibits is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which portrays communications of the future. You see home telephones which close the windows, water the lawn, and put on the roast. Video-phones remember a selected list of numbers that are called by pressing one or two buttons. Data-phones transmit information up to three thousand words a minute, translated from business machines to send orders over the regular telephone network. Channels carry as much information in forty-five seconds as can be found in a fifty-thousand-word book!

A hydroelectric power plant, sponsored by the electric utilities of the Pacific Northwest, features a forty-foot waterfall and dam. You see electronic living features such as home computers that help mother round up the children, plan the meals, and that remind her of appointments.

United States Steel traces the development of microscopy from the hand lens through today's ultimate viewer, the ion transmission microscope. This instrument—the most powerful yet developed—can magnify the head of a pin to cover twenty-five square miles! Through it scientists can identify and study a mass consisting of only nine atoms.

A World's Fair involves more than the future. It covers many nations of the globe. Exotic avenues joining

the five wondrous Worlds of Century 21 are lined with colorful shops, bazaars, and restaurants, representing many countries and cultures. Great Britain, Canada, Mexico, Greece and five of the new African states exhibit their attractions as well as most of the Far Eastern nations, European countries, the Middle East, Asia and Latin America.

Seattle art collector Norman Davis persuaded fifty galleries throughout the United States to lend the Exposition several hundred masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Valued at $8,000,000 the paintings are shown in a series of exhibits called "The World of Art from the Renaissance to the Space Age." Museum masterpieces include paintings by Renoir, El Greco, Titian, Goya, Rembrandt, Cézanne and Braque.

Besides museum masterpieces is an exhibit of contemporary art. Featuring work since 1950, it includes paintings by such American artists as Mark Tobey, Ben Shahn, Robert Motherwell, Georgia O'Keefe, Stuart Davis and such sculptors as Seymour Lipton, David Smith and Alexander Valder. International contemporary art includes works by such painters as Allan Davie, Karl Appel, Matta and sculptors Henry Moore, Wotruba and Ropelle.

A dramatic presentation of the works of art of the Northwest Coast Indian as well as gems of collections of Oriental and Middle Eastern Art and a national Arts and Crafts show are also to be seen.

The World of Entertainment includes cultural and entertaining programs besides spectacular and thrilling rides. Great Britain's Old Vic Theater and distinguished performing troupes from the Soviet Union are featured as well as the Philadelphia Orchestra. A continuing parade of varied performances, from ballet to jazz, has been arranged with the help of a committee headed by Katharine Cornell, Van Cliburn and other artists.

Some four acres are set aside as the Gayway. Here people young and old enjoy a $2,000,000 array of rides, most of which are imported from West Germany and Italy and have never before been seen in the United States.

The World of Religion is also at Seattle. At the very heart of the Fair stands a beautiful and inspiring Christian Pavilion and Children's Center. Each quarter hour the visitor will see a seven-minute sound-and-light drama of man's birth, his life with its hopes and despairs, his death; his world and its creation, its possible destruction, and mankind's salvation and eternal life.

A chaplain will be on hand at all hours. Children may be left for a small fee at which time they will receive Christian instruction.

The work of years of planning and effort, The Century 21 Exposition at Seattle is designed to give you a glimpse into the future in the most exciting period in the history of the world. However, with love, understanding and the willingness to cooperate to make the world a place worth living in during the twenty-first century, the scientific wonders to come can take on new, important meaning. ■ ■

Take a Long Look at Life

By James W. Hoffman

FIRST of all, let's look at life as it would be if there were no God. Or, as life must seem to people who try to live without taking God into account in their personal affairs.

In this view, life is a game we death-bound mortals cannot possibly win. It is a race against time which, sooner or later, we are bound to lose. Every newspaper tells us of people cut off in their prime, their work half-done, their families half-reared, their pleasures ended, their dreams and ambitions at a full stop.

Or visit a nursing home and watch the "guests." It is popular to sentimentalize old age, and it is true that a few men and women do preserve creative vigor and the joy of living as they near the century mark. But to all of us in the end, if we live long enough, will come the clouded mind, the jumbled memory, the feeble body, the lessening of purpose which cancel everything which life now means to us.

At some point in life, usually in middle age, every man recognizes that his implacable enemy is Time. Time means the depreciation of all our possessions, the inevitable decline of our vitality and competence, and—if we live through enough of it—the loss of our lifelong friends to death.

And Time is utterly inexorable; it cannot be stopped or decelerated. We may yet find "a place to hide" from the nuclear bomb. But there is no place to hide from the merciless movement of Time.

"From Everlasting to Everlasting"

Now let's read the ninetieth Psalm.

Mr. Hoffman is an editor on the staff of Presbyterian Life.

This puts God back in the picture for us, and in his Word we read a wholly different view of Time—one which, in this writer's opinion at least, man could never have arrived at by his own unaided thinking.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting thou art God . . . a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past. . . ."

It would seem that God is somehow "timeless." We human beings are so constructed that we can perceive only four dimensions, but the modern higher mathematicians speak of as many as nine—provable mathematically, but not palpable to our physical senses. From the Bible we can infer that all the dimensions, including Time, were invented by God, just as he made mountains and creates men.

The New Testament tells us that our lives "are hid with Christ in God," and that one day "all things" will be returned to God. For the believer in God, and especially for the Christian, there is something greater than Time—the God who is love, who sent his Son so that "we should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thus Time no longer has the last word in our lives. God has the last word.

"The Work of Our Hands"

For the Christian, Time is demoted from the place of the implacable enemy to that of a tool to be used in the service of our King. The Christian surgeon uses time and a scalpel in his work for God and his children; the journalist uses time and his typewriter; the Christian soldier uses time and his military equipment and training.

From our human point of view, life is all too short. And your life or mine may be shorter than the actuarial tables give us reason to expect. But this is not the primary point, if we are Christians. The more important thing is how we use what time is left to us—be it forty years or forty days.

If our lives are "hid with Christ," all our personal concerns—our families, jobs, convictions—are in good hands. We can with perfect confidence give over to Him all anxiety about our next overseas flight or our next trip to the hospital, and get on with our work with a quiet mind. Length of days, from God's-eye view, is not an essential of service in his kingdom. Mozart, who died at thirty-five, and Keats, who died at twenty-six, left the world priceless treasures of beauty in music and words.

Your Time in the Service

But Mozart and Keats used the tools, including time, that God had placed in their hands. What if they had spent their brief lives in aimless self-indulgence, or hectic status-seeking? Probably most of you who have read this far already have some notion of what God wants you to do with your lives. For the present, at least, it seems clear that he wants you in the Armed Forces of the United States. And, since he usually has more than one trick up his

sleeve, you may be sure that he intends your military service to be of benfit both to your branch of the service and to you personally. What to do about it? Here is where your own initiative, imagination, and common sense come in. And if you need guidance, God will see that you get it, possibly in his chapel at your post, perhaps from some unexpected and unlikely source.

As members of the Armed Forces, you may not have much margin of choice about what you do during working hours. The hours and days you are free, then, will be crucial. This is the time to take the long view —extending over the rest of your natural life, and beyond—rather than following the momentary impulse or whim.

That the flagrant vices and sins are a misuse of time goes without saying. The more subtle trap into which a person with Christian background is likely to fall is that of sheer waste of time, the only time that God has given us. The extreme of such waste is pictured by C. S. Lewis as a man who can spend hours "staring at a dead fire in a cold room," and comes to the end of life realizing that he spent most of his time doing neither what he ought nor what he wanted.

If such waste of life seems far from your experience, think for a moment: How much of your TV watching is real entertainment, how much of it "staring at a dead fire"? How much of your social life is genuine friendship, warmth, and fun—and how much mere half-awake chatter to kill time?

"To kill time." This is a truly horrible expression, for to kill time is to kill life—a sort of inch-by-inch suicide.

On this point it might be well to ask God to lead us through a ruthless examination of our use of leisure. Many a man who has done so has wakened with a shock to realize that he has spent a lot of money (which is replaceable) and time (which isn't) in bogus recreation that was actually boring him to death.

If we cultivate the double perspective of the ninetieth Psalm—the brevity of our life here, the eternity of our life with God—we can be spared many of the illusions on which men waste their time and vitality.

The real way to have "the time of your life" in this world is to offer whatever time is left of your life to God. "Happiness" is a tame and sugary word for the satisfaction that grows in us as we strive to become better reflectors of the image of God.

We will look to the quality of our living, rather than to the quantity of our years, possessions, or honors. We will be forever whittling away at our sins and shortcomings, growing in our capacity to love and receive love, sharpening our effectiveness in our work for the kingdom of Christ, and continually enriching our spirits.

As we work with and for God, he will guide us toward the best use of our hours, weeks, and years. Let us pray frequently, as the Psalmist prayed three thousand years ago: "So teach us to number our days, that we may get a heart of wisdom." ■■

Decision for Freedom

KARL DRESSLER walked out of the meeting, deep in thought. He had been a member of the Party since his early youth. A true member. Now he was twenty-five years old, and a doubt was gnawing at the threshold of his convictions. As long as he could remember he had been instructed in the way of the Party. Parts of their ideology were clear as the tone of a silver bell struck by a sure hand. But other parts—and sometimes seemingly important parts—were vague, nebulous as river mists under an autumn moon. Who was right? Who was wrong?

He walked through the darkened streets of East City, toward his small, two-room apartment. Two rooms for him, Ursula his wife, and Hilga their small daughter. And Ursula was four months pregnant. Yesterday she had brought up the subject again.

"We must go," she said, her blue eyes pleading. "If not for us, then for Hilga and for—" she placed her hand upon the bulge of her waistline—"for him."

"But things are not what you think, Ursula," he argued. "The West

By PAUL K. McAFEE

is desolate, filled with fears, and committed to destroying us so they can satisfy their capitalistic urges."

"What does that mean?" She stood her ground and her eyes flashed with her inward feeling. "You parrot phrases you have learned without knowing how they sound or whether they mean anything or not." She came to him and put her arms about him, pressing her head against his shoulder. Her voice was filled with emotion and some fear and dread, and trembled as she spoke.

"Karl, you *know* it isn't like that over there. The whole free world knows the truth about the difference in our ways of life. The Party doesn't want any of the people to go out of the East, for when they see the differences, they do not return. Karl, men far weaker and less intelligent than you work in jobs they like, make good wages and have homes far better than ours. But even more important—they are free! Free to laugh and love, free to read and speak. Darling . . . when was the last time you read just any book you wanted to read, without wondering if you endangered yourself or us by reading it? We are in prison, all of us."

She pressed close to him and he felt the baby between them. "Karl . . . please . . . please . . . I don't want *him* born into a life behind bars!" Her shoulders quivered as she wept silently against him.

NOW he walked home through streets dark as midnight. The electricity was too precious to use for lighting empty lesser streets. Only main intersections were illuminated, and these with a pale, yellow glow that struggled unsuccessfully to thrust back the heavy, shrouding darkness of the night.

As he walked, he remembered how earnest Ursula had been. He recalled her words "you parrot phrases." And his mouth twisted wryly. Tonight he had thought of them again when Herr Stokes had spoken heatedly and at great length about "warmongers," "capitalistic degenerates." He had shouted that the West was holding millions in bondage . . . there was hunger and depression, with thousands of bread lines all over America . . . decadent . . . immoral. . . .

Then he recalled his friend Ulrich, who had gone to his job in the West City one morning, met his wife and children at a friend's home in the evening, and never returned. A note came through some weeks later. They were now in Frankfurt and Ulrich was making a good salary. Far more than he had ever made working side by side with Karl.

Karl angrily thrust it from his mind. They were wrong, wrong! All foolish. Everybody knew that when the Party's plan for new housing was completed everyone would have a four- or five-room apartment or even

a house, and all fully modern. And he had been promised an increase in wages. After all, it cost more to live in Frankfurt than in East City. So Ulrich was not any better off.

Karl had gone to the meeting straight from the factory. He had not been home since six o'clock that morning. It was nearly midnight.

He unlocked the door of his apartment and let himself in quietly. The room was black. There were no windows to the outside. It was still.

Reaching out, he found the cord and pulled the light switch. The ten-watt bulb glowed fitfully over the bare, scrubbed table at one side of the room. This room was their living room on one side, kitchen and dining room on the other.

The room was far from warm. Coal cost much money, and it was controlled strictly. No good Party member would use his fuel to heat his rooms at night, when he could conserve it by sleeping beneath adequate blankets.

He gazed at the room with a dry, unsettled feeling of distaste. This was far from what he wished for his family. But one had to be patient. One day the Party would complete its plan and all its people would know the full satisfaction of comfortable homes and a fine wage. Perhaps then he could even buy a car. Not an expensive one, but one adequate to their needs. And television! When the Party . . . when. . . .

The door leading to the bedroom was straight ahead. It was closed. He gazed at it, pondering. Suddenly he felt alone. She had said she wanted to leave. Had she left?

As he stood there, the quietness of the room pressing in upon him, the door opened and Ursula appeared, rubbing her eyes with her childish, sleepy gesture. Wrapped in her worn bathrobe, she moved to him and laid her head against his chest, and sighed contentedly.

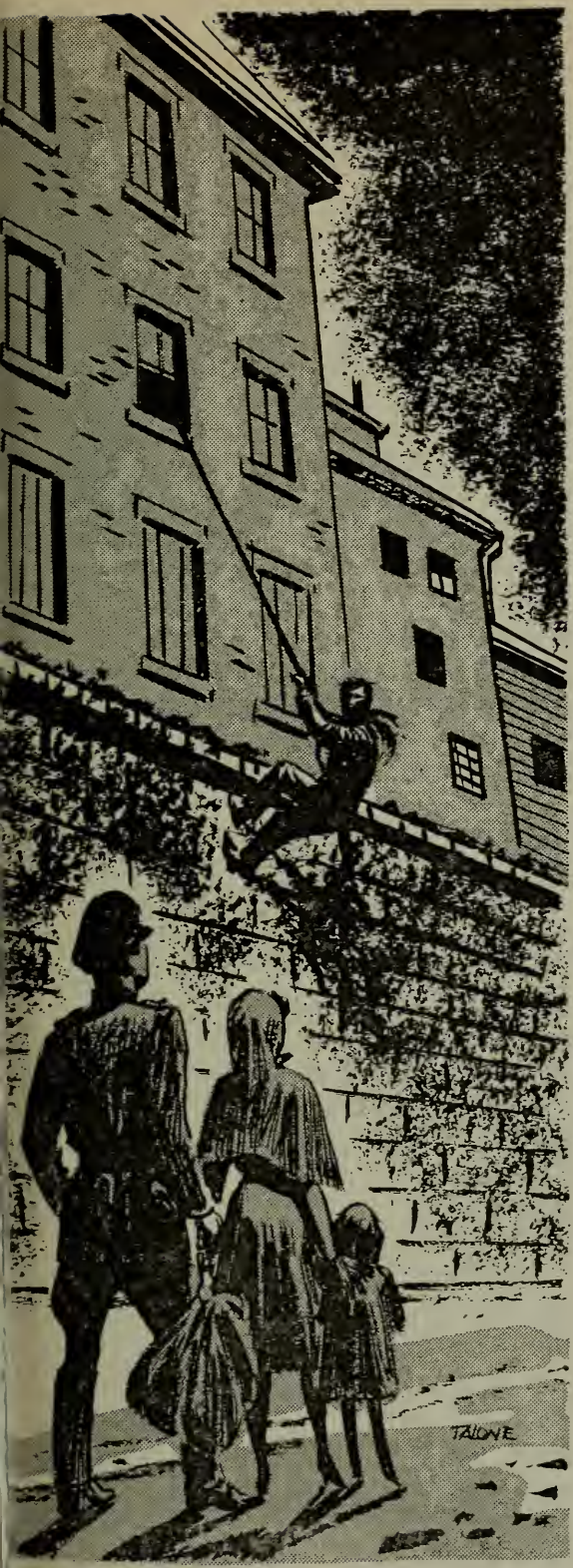
"I'm glad you are here, Karl." She raised her head and kissed his cheek. His arms tightened about her and he sat on a straight chair, holding her cuddled on his lap.

"Karl—I went to the church this morning to pray." She leaned back and looked at him with troubled eyes. "The gate was closed. And I learned that Pastor Mueller was arrested. Karl . . . that means that our privilege of worshiping God as free people is being taken away from us. Oh. . . ." She shivered and held him close—"I'm afraid, so afraid!"

He cuddled her, not knowing what to say. Other things that the Party did he understood. But he had known Pastor Mueller all his life. The old man had christened him. The minister was incapable of hurting anyone or anything. Something was strangely wrong. Someone had made a bad mistake.

"Karl, I went into West City this afternoon. The stores are full of things. Wonderful things for the children! I bought some clothes for Hilga, and some things I will need for the baby. And I could buy all I needed and no one questioned me." She glanced up at him. "I went into a church and prayed. It was open and lighted and there were many people there."

His face was quiet. He rocked her



gently on his knees. A faint perfume came from her hair. He sniffed. "Perfume?" he asked.

She nodded. "Just a tiny bottle and so cheap. And I haven't had any for such a long time. You can't buy it in *our* stores."

He sighed. "Darling, I know this means so much to you. And, I want you to be happy. But I just can't give up something here for nothing there."

"*Nothing,* Karl? Oh, my darling! Everything! And the opportunity to just be ourselves! I see this every time I visit West City!"

She arose and tugged at his hands. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't worry you all the time about it. Come, you are exhausted. Let's go to bed."

For a long time he lay awake, thinking. Outside the night was dark and the wind blew and chill was in the air. But it was not nearly so dark and chill as the night Karl felt slowly enveloping his mind and heart. He knew suddenly that Ursula was right. But was he strong enough to act? He shuddered and drew the blankets up around his head, and finally dropped into a fitful sleep.

A FEW days later something happened which caused him to examine his position very closely. A friend, working beside him in the factory, failed to come to work. Two days later it was learned that he had sent his family into West City and a few hours later joined them.

"You see," whispered Karl's informant, "a wall of concrete and barbed wire will soon be erected between East City and West City. All

gates will be closed. Those living there will remain there. Those who are here will stay. No one will any longer come and go between the two cities."

"Preposterous!" Karl grunted. "The Party is not without feeling, not without heart. Think of the hundreds it would keep from their jobs in West City, and the families it would separate. The Party is conscious of the need of family relationships. It would never allow such a thing to happen, for it would keep father from son, and mother from daughter. The Party is good and kind and has feeling. It cannot be so, this thing you tell me. Someone is circulating another vicious capitalistic rumor designed to create hard feelings between two peoples." He turned away to his work and would discuss it no longer.

One evening later in the week he stood with heavy heart and unbelieving eyes, watching a group of workers, closely guarded by heavily armed East City police, measuring and marking a line. Piles of concrete and barbed wire on rolls stood to one side. It was true. A barricade between the two cities was being erected.

Dusk was near. Across the line, marked by the towering structure of the Freedom Gate, light winked and twinkled merrily in store windows of West City. People were coming and going from stores that seemed well stocked with items for sale. The lights from signs over a theater flashed off and on, and a line of people moved inside for an evening of entertainment. How long it had been since he had been to a theater! Underneath it all came the calm and clear tones of church bells calling the faithful to worship.

Unconsciously he turned his head and looked behind him. There stretched the long avenue. It was a canyon of shadows, dark, mysterious and disheartening. Here and there a pale finger of light crept hesitantly through a drawn blind. A few figures scurried along in the gloom, hunch shouldered and silent, their faces indistinct blurs. The only sound on the dark street came from the hobnailed boots of a soldier walking in the shadows.

He looked again toward West City. Over there is light, he thought, and here is darkness. Darkness of city, of mind, of heart and soul. . . .

KARL DRESSLER sat in the office of Herr Stokes, the Party Coordinator. He was nervous at being called in. He tried to think back through the past few days. What had he done? What had he said in some careless, unguarded moment? He brightened momentarily and then shook his head. No, he couldn't be getting a new apartment so soon. The program was merely in the planning stage.

"You may go in now."

He arose and entered the office. He was surprised and hesitated in the doorway. There was a thick rug on the floor, wall to wall. The room was softly lighted with pleasing pictures on the walls. The furniture was gleaming wood, beautiful and expensive. There was more money here in this room's furnishings than

"I don't mind the stories, if he just wouldn't ham it up so much!"

he made in a year of labor. Suddenly he was no longer afraid and he met the cold gaze of Herr Stokes without feeling.

"Ah . . . Herr Dressler. Sit down, sit down." He was waved to a chair, sinking into its luxurious softness.

"We have been informed that you are an intelligent man, Herr Dressler. You have poise and a way of making people listen to you. And you have a perfect record as a member of our Party." The man leaned back in his richly carved chair. "The Party is pleased with this. So we have decided to honor you with an important task."

Karl held the gaze of the man, not speaking. This man wallows in luxury, he thought, while thousands of faithful members struggle to attain one tenth as much for mere existence. He stands for the Party, and the Party cries "sacrifice" for the cause. And we sacrifice for a splendid office, for status symbols copied from the "decadent West." His mind was bitter and there was a deep anger stirring within him.

Herr Stokes spoke again, his voice pitched in a companionable tone. "Friday night you will speak at a rally. There you will explain why the wall is being erected between the cities. It is simple. The West is flooding us with thieves, spies and a delinquent element, to undermine our glorious movement. The wall will allow us to screen this element out, thus safeguarding the lives of our people."

Karl spoke for the first time since entering the room. "Is this the true reason for the wall, Herr Coordinator? If so, then my wife can visit her cousins in West City as before?"

"Ah . . . for a little while, until all is settled, all East City citizens will be privileged to stay at home. Later . . . later perhaps, we shall see."

Karl nodded. "Is that all, Herr Coordinator?" The man nodded and smiled, "Yes, yes. Have a good speech prepared for my perusal by noon Friday. I know you will do a good job!" Karl bowed politely and left the room.

As he came to the street level he mused silently, so Ursula was right; we are prisoners. Prisoners in our own blindness.

A WEST CITY policeman stood near the back of a house whose windows overlooked a street of the

free city. A few yards further on began the gray stretch of concrete wall, topped by sharp fragments of broken glass. For three days the wall had advanced until now it completely shut off any avenue of escape or entry. He shook his head. This was not right . . . not good.

There was the sound of a window opening slowly. He looked up along the side of the building. A dark object fell from a second story window and struck with a dull "thud" a few feet from him. He recognized it as a bundle of clothes and personal effects. His eyes searched and found the window, his gaze narrowing as he watched. Then he moved in until he stood under the window.

A small child sat on the ledge, a little girl. Then she was lowered gently by a long, sturdy rope, played out cautiously by a man. As her feet touched the street, the policeman was there and removed the rope from her body. He patted her head and moved her back from under the window.

Now a woman appeared and sat on the ledge. She hesitated, and then urged on by the man beside her, she let herself out of the window. Again the rope slid out of the man's hands slowly, carefully, until the woman was on the street and helped by the policeman, moved to the little girl, clasping her hungrily in her arms. Then they turned and looked up at the man left on the window ledge.

He climbed through the window, moving cautiously and silently. There was only the gentle sounds of his clothing scraping the window frame as he lowered himself. The policeman turned and glanced swiftly down the length of the wall. There were no East City police in sight. He breathed out a sigh and turned to watch the man again.

The dark shadow hung along the side of the building; then it heaved outwardly and dropped toward the ground. The man landed heavily and rolled on the rough stones of the street.

The policeman hurried to his side and helped him to his feet. The man winced as a torn muscle pained, then he straightened. He brushed off his clothes and then throwing back his shoulders, he glanced over at the tearful woman and the child and smiled at them.

Looking steadily out of deep eyes, he faced the policeman and said, "My name is Karl Dressler. This is my wife and child. We have come to live in the West. We would be free!" ■ ■

A CHALLENGE

Stand tall
For the Lord:
Give Him your all.

Pray deep:
Give the Lord
Your heart to keep.

Live His way:
The Lord needs you
This very day.

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE BEGINNING

By Rip Lynnfield

THEY called it common gold fever. It started with Columbus, in 1492. Englishmen caught the disease a century later and sailed forth from Britain. Proud and adventurous were these lusty men, steering their rollicking ships northwest for India: India and the mysterious East of rich spices, profitable silks, gold.

Four times the Englishmen returned home without finding their Northwest Passage. Four times they were denied the golden fleece. But on the fifth attempt, their luck was better. They touched land!

Only one vessel limped home this trip. It, too, was empty of riches. They had missed the treasure-laden route to the Near East and discovered merely a cold, unfriendly wilderness.

Men were dubious. An English settlement in the new world? Why? Of what possible value to anyone? They had found no gold, no angry lions, no prancing unicorns. Faugh! It was a poor bargain fit only for fools and dreamers.

But there have always been a few reckless souls throughout history, ready and eager to risk all on the chance of a bonanza.

So in 1584, they set out once more. And again the following year. They trekked inland in search of the precious mines. However, their glittering quest eluded them; they returned to the ships just men of ordinary social position. In their rage, they turned on their new-found friends. They burned and razed an Indian village; shot and beheaded a native chieftain; and even tortured the Indians to lead them to a pot of gold.

But somehow gold was never found.

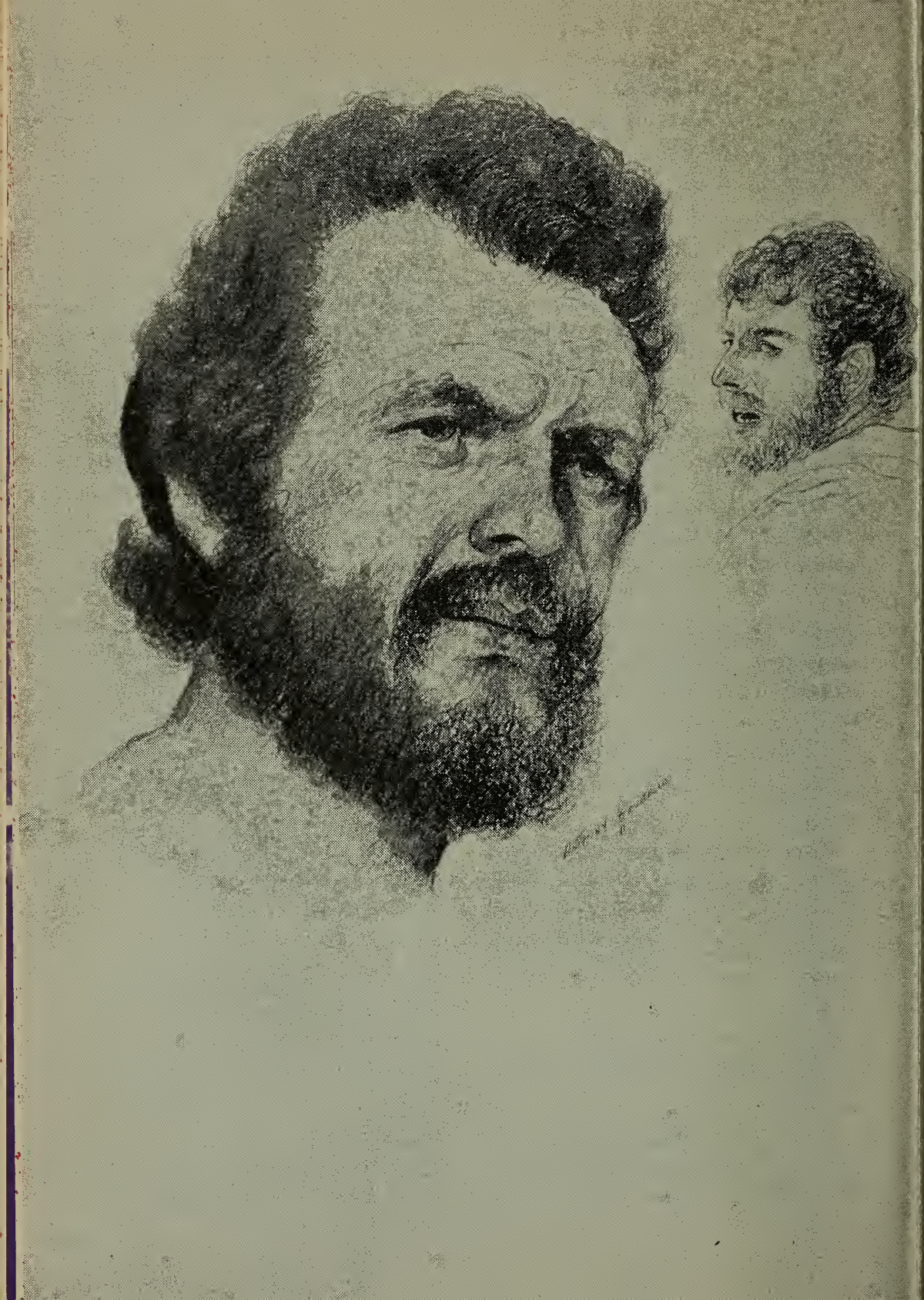
It was not until 1587 that a group of sober and industrious setttlers finally landed in Virginia. There were seventeen women in the little band, one great with child. They settled confidently on Roanoke, planted their crops, built their homes, and awaited the harvest.

Four years later, a relief expedition returned to the island. It found a deserted palisade overgrown with weeds. All had vanished.

Yet 375 years ago this month—long before men even dreamed of space trips to distant planets—these brave people left us with a legacy more precious than gold. It was a tiny, newborn child; the first white child born in North America.

The seed had been sown; it was a beginning.

(*Do you know the name of this child? Turn to page 50.*)



JUDAS ISCARIOT, the Traitor

By William Barclay

IN the last analysis Judas Iscariot must remain the supreme mystery of the Twelve, for it must always be a mystery why anyone who knew Jesus intimately should wish to see him crucified upon a cross. There are many reasons why Judas may have wished to see Jesus die. We can only try to penetrate a little way into his strange and twisted mind, not to condemn, but to understand.

1. The name *Iscariot* may mean *Man of Kerioth.* If it does, Judas was the only non-Galilean among the Twelve. For that reason he may have been from the beginning the odd man out. He may have developed a chip on his shoulder, until he began to feel bitter and resentful, and until in the end he betrayed Jesus.

2. It is quite certain that the other members of the Twelve did not see through Judas. If they had known what he was like, and what he was planning and plotting, they would have killed him sooner than let him get away with it. But Jesus knew. When, after his brief popularity, the crowds were beginning to slip away, and when it looked as if even the Twelve were going to abandon him, Jesus said, "Did I not choose you, the twelve, and one of you is a devil" (Jn. 6:70)? It may be that Judas could not stand the X-ray eyes of Jesus stripping the disguises from his wretched heart, and that he killed Jesus to get rid of the person who knew him for what he was.

3. It may be that in reality Judas turned King's evidence, that he knew that humanly speaking the game was up, and that he decided to get out in time and to ensure the safety of his own skin. It may be that he betrayed Jesus to save himself, and in so doing he damned himself.

4. It may be that Judas quite simply betrayed Jesus for money. Judas may well have been a man whose besetting sin was the love of money, for, as John tells the story, Judas was the treasurer of the

Twelve, and used his position to pilfer from the funds (Jn. 12:6). If Judas did betray Jesus simply to earn a reward, he struck the most dreadful bargain in history, for he sold the Son of God into the hands of his enemies for less than ten dollars.

5. It may be that the word *Iscariot* is connected with the word *sicarius,* which as we have seen when we were studying Simon the Zealot, means an assassin and describes the violent nationalists who were out to murder the Romans and anyone who had anything to do with them. It may be that Judas saw in Jesus with his wonder-working powers the perfect leader for a rebellion which would sweep the Romans from Palestine. Then, it may be, he saw that Jesus inexplicably was taking the way of the cross, and in bitter disappointment and disillusionment he betrayed him.

6. But it is probably most likely of all that Judas never meant Jesus to die. We may well construct the story like this. Judas was a nationalist. He saw in Jesus the ideal leader. But Jesus was inexplicably slow to act. Then Judas, not intending to have Jesus killed, but to put him in a position when he would have to act, betrayed him in the expectation that then Jesus would be bound to use his power. And then, when Judas saw that he had killed Jesus, he went out and hanged himself (Mt. 27:5). There is an alternative story in Acts which tells how Judas either suffered a terrible accident or contracted a terrible disease and died a loathsome death (Acts 1:18). If this be the case, then when Judas came to Jesus in the Garden and kissed him and said, "Hail, Master!" (Mt. 26:49), he was in effect saying, "Now is your chance! Blast them off the face of the earth!" If this is so, it means that the supreme mistake and tragedy of Judas was that he wanted Jesus to be what he wanted him to be instead of what he was.

Judas goes down in history as the traitor. The tragedy of tragedies may well be that he never meant Jesus to die, and that he wanted to write history as he wanted it to be and not as God had planned it to be.

As we stand before Judas in his treachery, in his suicide, in his final terrible exit from life, there should be in our hearts not hate but pity. There should be in our hearts not condemnation, for there are times in the life of everyone of us when we too have betrayed our Lord.

QUESTIONS

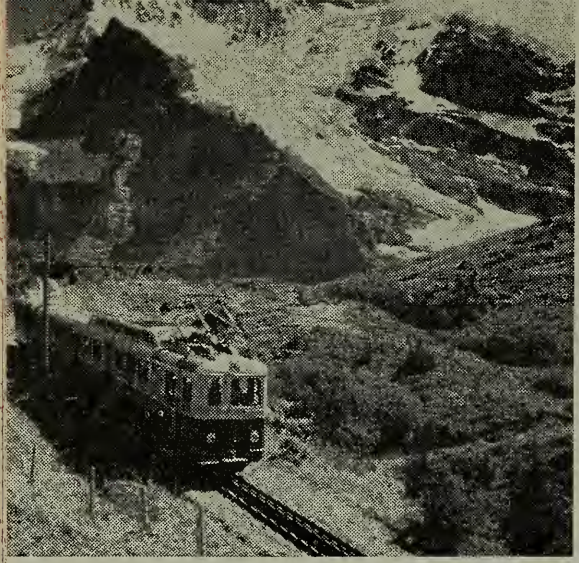
What kind of a man was Judas? Why did Jesus choose him as a disciple? Why did Judas betray Christ? Why did Judas commit suicide? Do you agree that we should not hate Judas but pity him? Why?

Switzerland's Top Resort--the Jungfraujoch

By Weldon F. Heald

EUROPE is crammed with cathedrals, art galleries, old castles and picturesque scenery. But there is only one Jungfraujoch. Nothing like it can be found anywhere else on earth and a visit is well worth skipping an art gallery or two and a brace of old castles. At the Jungfraujoch, Nature and Man have combined to produce a unique masterpiece that brings out the best in both.

The Swiss are sheer geniuses at tourist engineering and this is their crowning achievement. The Jungfraujoch railway carries thousands of people in perfect comfort the year round through the inside of a mountain up into the high world of



Wengernalp/Jungfrau train ascending the picturesque, rugged mountains to summit of the Jungfrau.

perpetual ice and snow. There, a hotel has been blasted out of a cliff and hangs like a swallow's nest above the largest glacier in the Alps. The whole installation, from top to bottom, is urbane, cosmopolitan, and runs with the efficiency and precision of a fine watch.

The Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger are the three most prominent and best-known peaks of the Bernese Oberland. For spectacular grandeur the trio is hard to equal anywhere. All over 13,000 feet in altitude, they stand in a row directly south of some of the most delightful green valleys in Switzerland. Under their soaring precipices and shining icefalls are Interlaken, Grindelwald, Wengen and Murren, for more than a century among the most popular Alpine resorts. It was here that mountain climbing in summer and skiing in winter first became recognized sports.

Celebrated in prose, poetry, song and picture, the three mountains are world famous, and travelers from every country come to look and admire. The Swiss see to it that they keep busy and have a good time. Rack-and-pinion lines follow the valleys, and everywhere the mountains' slopes are decorated with funiculars and aerial tramways. In little time and with no effort at all visitors are whisked skyward to magnificent viewpoints, complete with beer gardens and terrace restaurants. There are, too, miles of beguiling paths spotted with huts, hostels, hotels and mountain inns. The whole area is, in fact, an outdoors enthusiast's dream-come-true.

But who first came up with the idea of a railway to the summit of the Jungfrau, no one knows. However, by 1896 the project was actually begun, and sixteen years later the first trainload of tourists arrived at the Jungfraujoch. They have been coming in increasing numbers ever since. The final section to the top, 2,000 feet higher, was never built and the terminus remains at the snowy saddle between the Jungfrau and the Monch. The elevation is 11,340 feet, making it Europe's highest resort.

Although now some fifty years old, this amazing mountain railway is still a miracle of human ingenuity. It consists of a tunnel four and three-fourths miles long, which makes a great loop through the solid rock of the Monch and the Eiger. The bore is twelve feet wide and fourteen feet high, and requires no shoring or artificial walls, due to the rigidity of

the limestones and gneisses through which it passes. The electric trains, using an overhead trolley, run on a three-foot three-inch gauge track and employ the rack-and-pinion system to haul themselves up almost a mile in elevation. However, the grades are nowhere greater than one in four, and one long section near the top is negotiated by traction alone. Progress is slow and more than an hour is required for the trip. But this includes stops along the way at two stations hewn out of the mountain, with openings giving breathtaking panoramas out over the country below.

A ROUND trip to the Jungfraujoch can be done in a long day from Interlaken. But much better is to make it part of a circuit which takes in Grindelwald, with perhaps a side trip to Murren. The first stage of the journey from Interlaken is by the Bernese Oberland Railway to Lauterbrunnen, seven and a half miles in thirty-five minutes. The altitude gained is from 1,865 feet to 2,625 feet, or about 100 feet per mile. The little electric train follows the crawling, white-foamed Lutschine, with the graceful, snow-draped Jungfrau straight ahead. The scene is familiar to almost everybody because the mountain framed by the valley's wooded slopes is perhaps Switzerland's favorite post-card view.

Lauterbrunnen is a lace-making village directly at the base of the great peak, and is known for its high-born waterfalls which plunge over the cliffs above in waving silver plums. Here a transfer is made to the rack-and-pinion Wengen Alp Railway. This section climbs far above the valley to Wengen, a charming summer and winter resort amidst sloping meadows and woodlands against an impressive background of glistening peaks. Beyond, the train winds upward over grassy, flower-spread mountainsides toward the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger. Close now, the gigantic trio tower a mile and a half into the sky. A stop is made at Wengen Alp, with its sightly hotel, then the top of the line is reached at Kleine Scheidegg, 6,770 feet elevation. Distance from Interlaken is fourteen and a half miles and the time taken about two hours.

The train continues down the other side of the mountain to Grindelwald. But Jungfrau-bound passengers get off here. Changing trains is a standard procedure of Swiss travel, and is probably planned on the theory that every place in Switzerland deserves a visit. And certainly Kleine Scheidegg is no exception. It is situated on an open treeless divide at the very foot of the glaciers which stream down the steep faces of the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger, and even the staid *Blue Guide* admits that it "commands one of the noblest views in the Alps."

In fact, Kleine Scheidegg is worth an overnight stop, if for no other reason than to become acclimatized to the sudden change in altitude. There is an excellent hotel, and from its terrace one can often see the ice cliffs above break away in thundering avalanches, and watch the sunset alpenglow tint the snows a blushing

pink. Good paths, too, lead to the Eiger Glacier and to the summits of the nearby Lauberhorn and Mannlichen. The scenery is grand and stimulating, the going is easy, and no special clothing or equipment is necessary, except reasonably stout shoes.

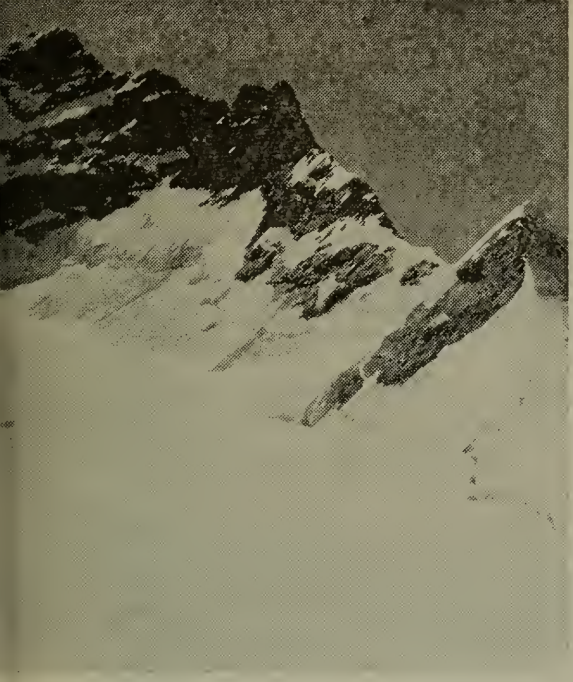
The Kleine Scheidegg station on a bright summer's day isn't quite as busy as the Grand Central at commuter time, but nearly so. The trains for the Jungfraujoch pull out and cross open alpine pastures, heading directly for the great mountain wall to the south. A stop is made at Eigergletcher station, one and a fourth miles. Then, just beyond, the tunnel obliterates the outside world, and the trains crawl upward through the solid core of the peaks. The scenery is no longer exhilarating, but compensation comes at Eigerwand, 9,405 feet altitude, three-fourths of an hour from Kleine Scheidegg. Hewn out of the rock, this station has large openings looking straight down upon Grindelwald in its green valley, 6,000 feet below, and out over row upon row of mountains northward to the Jura, Germany's Black Forest and the Vosges in France.

THESE openings are in the north face of the Eiger, the highest and grimmest cliff in the Alps. Eight climbers were killed before this savage precipice was conquered in 1938, and another dozen have perished since then by falls, freezing to death, or simply never returning. The windows give a spine-tingling close-up of this ill-omened cliff, which has become the most widely publicized climb in Switzerland.

Beyond, the tunnel curves south under the Eiger, 13,038 feet, to Eismeer. The running time is about fifteen minutes. This is another station, 10,370 feet elevation, excavated from the solid rock. It is well named "ice sea," for the openings here survey the silent upper world of glaciers and rugged peaks. The scene consists of expanses of jumbled seracs and steely blue crevasses sweeping down between the rocky ribs of the Fiescherhorner and Schreckhorn, two lofty giants of the Oberland. A tunnel descends to the surface of the glacier, 130 feet below. Yet, Eismeer, too, has the usual restaurant, post office, and the inevitable change of trains.

The last section of the tunnel passes beneath the summit of the Monch, 13,465 feet, and brings one to the Jungfraujoch in about ten minutes. The distance from Interlaken is twenty miles; time taken about three and a half hours; and altitude gained, 9,475 feet.

From here on everything comes under the believe-it-or-not category. It's hard to realize such a place is real. From the rock-walled station a corridor leads to the Berghaus Jungfraujoch, a complete, six-story hotel built into the icy slopes of a ridge called the Sphinx. East of it is a smaller inn and a high-altitude research station not open to the public. Perched atop the Sphinx, like a medieval castle, is a meteorological observatory, reached by a 370-foot elevator. Here are open and closed terraces at 11,723 feet.



Snow-spotted cliffs of Jungfrau rise more than 2,000 feet above the hotel.

Another lift to the fourth floor of the hotel and a short walk through a covered gallery takes one onto the snowy plateau of the Jungfraujoch itself. The view north includes the Kleine Scheidegg, almost a mile below, Interlaken in its deep valley, and wave upon wave of mountain ridges to the distant horizon. To the south are the blinding white reservoirs of the Aletch Glacier, a fifteen-mile-long river of ice which curves away toward the Rhone Valley between a welter of frosted peaks. Immediately west the Jungfrau rises in dark, snow-flecked cliffs to an altitude of 13,670 feet, and on the east soars the massive, glacier-hung bulk of the Monch.

There is enough to do in this Swiss sky resort to keep one busy for several days. Accommodations vary from de luxe bedrooms and continental cuisine at the hotel to *matratzenlager,* or dormitory lodgings and plain fare at the inn. Nearby are some of the finest year-round snow slopes in the Alps and a ski tournament is held annually in July. Husky dog teams are available for a ride over the snows and there is an "ice palace" for skating. Even the sunsets are grand shows worth watching and moonlight transforms the surroundings into a breath-catching fantasy of silver and black.

But, of course, the featured excursion is the ascent of the Jungfrau on foot. The climb is relatively easy and can be made by anyone in good physical condition, without previous mountaineering experience. A corps of experienced guides is on hand at the Jungfraujoch and they can furnish hobnailed boots, socks, windbreakers, ice-axes and any other needed equipment. It is a roped climb requiring from three to four hours, and the trip is usually made between 3:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M. while the snow is still in firm condition.

A well-known English playwright wrote: "If I were an American and had a single day to spend in Europe, I would take the Jungfraujoch trip." Fortunately transatlantic travelers have more than one day. However, to make a European journey without including Switzerland's top resort is like visiting New York and neglecting the Empire State Building or Southern California without seeing Hollywood. It is a travel experience without a parallel anywhere else on earth. ■■

By Charles M. Laymon

God Was in Christ

WE have been approaching the Bible in this series as a revelation of the mighty acts of God in creation and redemption. Only thus may its true character be grasped. This is the view that it takes concerning itself; it is also the view of the historic Christian church.

Previously, we followed the Old Testament story from the beginnings of man, through the account of the Fall in Eden, to the giving of the covenant. Then we noted the significance of this covenant relationship down through the centuries. Here was—and is—a structure for the living of the people of God. We saw also how Jesus established *a new covenant* that fulfilled and superseded the old when he gave his life at Calvary. In the earliest account of the giving of the Lord's Supper (1 Cor. 11:23-26) Christ's sacrifice is related to the covenant in terms of setting up a new relationship.

The Advent and the Covenant

Not only was the death of Jesus understood by the early church in light of the covenant; his coming into the world was viewed from this vantage point. This may be seen particularly in the stories of Jesus' birth found in the Gospel of Luke, especially in the birth songs or poems that the evangelist relates.

In the Magnificat, Mary is praising God because of the coming birth of Jesus. She sang:

> My soul magnifies the Lord,
> and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, . . .
> He has helped his servant Israel,
> in remembrance of his mercy,
> as he spoke to our fathers,
> to Abraham and to his posterity for ever (Lk. 1:46-47, 54-55).

(Read also Zechariah's poetic song as he announces the name of his son, the forerunner of Christ: Luke 1:68-69, 72-74.)

Not only do these stories assert that the ultimate explanation of Jesus is God, but they also place great emphasis upon the character of the new day that our Lord's coming would inaugurate. It was to be a time when injustice would be overcome and the poor (pious) would be established. There would be new knowledge of salvation, and forgiveness of sins "through the tender mercy of our God, when the day shall dawn upon us from on high to give light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace" (Lk. 1:78-79).

An Early Outline

If the church viewed the advent and death of Jesus as mighty acts of God in the fulfillment of his covenant and promises of old, it likewise interpreted his ministry in the same light. Perhaps the earliest outline of our Lord's ministry is found in the Acts of the Apostles. It occurs in the account of Peter's preaching (the *kerygma*) at the home of Cornelius the gentile centurion who had been told by God to summon the apostle to his home. When Peter spoke to the assembled group composed of the family, servants, and close friends of this military officer he summarized the work of Jesus in this fashion:

> You know the word which he sent to Israel, preaching good news of peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all), the word which was proclaimed throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee after the baptism which John preached: how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power; how he went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed by the devil, for God was with him. And we are witnesses to all that he did both in the country of the Jews and in Jerusalem. They put him to death by hanging him on a tree; but God raised him on the third day and made him manifest; not to all the people but to us who were chosen by God as witnesses, who ate and drank with him after he rose from the dead. And he commanded us to preach to the people, and to testify that he is the one ordained by God to be judge of the living and the dead. To him all the prophets bear witness that every one who believes in him receives forgiveness of sins through his name (Acts 10:36-43).

I have quoted this sermonic outline in full, even though it is lengthy,

because it presents the basic understanding by the early church of the life and ministry of Jesus. Certain facts are outstanding in this recital. Jesus presented the good news of peace; he was anointed by God with the Holy Spirit and with power; in his ministry of mercy God was with him; crucified, dead, and buried, he was raised on the third day; he commanded his followers to preach and to testify that he was the one ordained by God to be judge of the living and the dead; it is he to whom the prophets bore witness, and it is through him that those who believe receive forgiveness of sins.

It should be noted that in the above we have a combination of the facts of Jesus' life and the meaning of his ministry and death. This is invariably the case in the New Testament, even in the gospels. There is no such thing here as simply a listing of the facts just for the record. Not at all! The facts and their meaning for man's salvation are joined together in a redemptive alliance.

The Historical Jesus

We have noted above that in the New Testament records the facts concerning Jesus and the meaning of these facts are deeply woven together. This does not mean, however, that it is impossible to discover the actual Jesus of history within the story. A portrait does come through as we read the gospels so that a real person emerges, the person that undergirds the meanings and message of the gospel itself.

The reality of our Lord's personal life is clearly evident in a remark of Luke's when Jesus' mother and father took the twelve-year-old lad home to Nazareth after the famed visit to the Temple in Jerusalem. The evangelist wrote, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man" (Lk. 2:52). In these words a fourfold life is depicted—mental (wisdom), physical (stature), religious (favor with God), and social (favor with man). Let us look briefly at each of these areas in Jesus' life as the gospels present them.

Physical Life

Although in the early days there was a group known as the Gnostics who denied the reality of Jesus' fleshly existence, at least while he was hanging on the cross, this view did not prevail. It was regarded as heresy. This meant that the pain of the cross was genuine and that Jesus actually suffered in saving men.

We find Jesus during his early years living the life of a carpenter. This required that he cut down timber, drag the logs to the shop, and

tool them by hand into benches, stools, beds, chests, et cetera. As an itinerant preacher he lived and worked outdoors, sleeping often under the stars. In preaching he needed to lift his voice so that it would carry across the fields, over the surface of the lake, or down the mountainside. This called for physical stamina and energy.

Mental Life

The gospel portrait of Jesus indicates also that his mental life was rich and varied. Although he did not attend the schools for the rabbis at Jerusalem, his knowledge and use of the Old Testament was startlingly fresh and unique. The characters in his parables are marked by reality, and reveal a close observation of life.

Our Lord's use of parables in the first place means that he was constantly alert in tracing out the hand of God in everyday events. One must think in parables and see life as full of hidden divine meaning if he is to compose them so that they carry a word of God. This Jesus did.

The way in which Jesus met the opposition as it asked him tricky questions show his mind to be a penetrating one. He frequently used counterquestions that put the burden of proof back upon his questioners, thus revealing their insincerity.

Social Life

It may appear strange to refer to our Lord's social life, but the fact remains that he lived in the company of others most of the time. Solitary retreats periodically were necessary because he was so constantly in the presence of others.

Jesus attended parties and weddings. He frequented the marketplace, and joined his friends in fishing ventures on the Sea of Galilee. Crowds followed him during certain periods of his life so that finding privacy became exceedingly difficult. People, always there were people.

An outstanding characteristic of Jesus' social life was the fact that he associated with all kinds of classes of persons. He was concerned with the plight of the outcasts and interested in winning sinners to his cause. This meant that he went out to meet them, that he even fraternized with them, although he did not of course compromise his standards by doing this.

Religious Life

Jesus' religious life was lived within the pattern of the Jews. He

read their Scriptures, attended their synagogues, and visited Jerusalem at the time of the festivals. He prayed in hours of great decision and taught his followers to pray, assuring them by parables and exhortation that God would hear and answer. Even though he took issue with the Pharisees over their legalistic interpretation of the Law, Jesus the Christ did not disassociate himself with the religion of the Hebrew fathers.

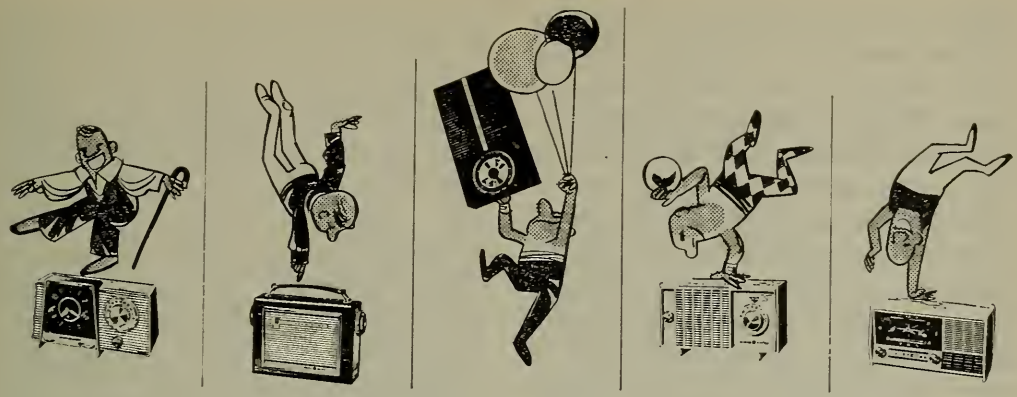
The most significant feature of Jesus' religious life was the conviction that he held that he was God's Messiah in whom the destiny of men and nations was to be fulfilled. The early church was convinced that this realization came to him at the time of his baptism when he heard God speak to him, assuring him that he was the beloved son in whom he was well pleased (Mk. 1:11). It also was found in Jesus' questioning the disciples at Caesarea Philippi and in the answer of Peter, "You are the Christ," another instance of Messianic expression (Mk. 8:27-33). The triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem is likewise regarded in the New Testament as a time when Jesus was declaring that he was the Messiah and the multitudes were openly acknowledging his reign (Mk. 11:9-10).

Jesus' understanding of his messiahship, however, was uniquely different from the traditional expectations of the Jews. He came to see that God had called him to a prophetic ministry rather than to that of an earthly ruler or military conqueror (Lk. 4:14-21). But more than this, he saw also that the nation would reject him, that he must suffer and even die in the cause of the kingdom he was proclaiming (Mk. 8:31). Death, however, was to be a prelude to life, and a spiritual rule as living Lord in the lives of his followers.

It was with this in mind that Jesus set his face to go to Jerusalem during the closing days of his ministry. We find here also the significance of the Lord's Supper that he established as a memorial to his death, to be celebrated until his coming again (Mk. 14:22-25).

The accounts of the arrest, trial, and crucifixion of Jesus in the gospels are filled with sorrow and tragedy. But there is also throughout a deep sense of divine purpose. Jesus is presented not as a victim of circumstances but as fulfilling the will of God. As the Gospel of John says, Jesus continued to love his own until the end—the cross. (See Jn. 13:1.)

But the cross was not the end! Resurrection followed with a living Lord to lead his own. A new life lay ahead for mankind. God had yet greater truths to reveal through his Son, our Lord. ■■



Now Radio Is Stereo

By Carl H. Zwinck

MAJOR radio networks which sent some excellent programs from coast to coast and to armed forces overseas during World War II fed their profits into the infant television industry which has grown larger than even parent radio expected. Now the television networks have been absorbing losses on three radio networks which once were giants in the communication industry. At best, most radio stations made only a small profit as television swept the nation.

Now the novelty of the newer medium has worn off, and TV has become a synonym for mediocrity. With a few outstanding exceptions, television programing is repetitive and unimaginative. Violence has replaced creativity on many "new" shows which are poor copies of older dull shows. Last year several excellent news specials, one-shot special features, and religious programs could be seen between many shows we would be embarrassed watching in the presence of guests. Christian families must carefully supervise what children see in motion pictures and TV shows which present little except immoral aspects of sex and unnecessary violence.

Thanks in large part to the great amount of poor and objectionable programing on TV, the greatest mass hypnotist the world has ever seen, radio is again gaining a large and attentive audience. Much of this new listening is on FM, the same radio system TV uses for its sound. Although FM sound is high fidelity, faithfully reproducing the high and low notes not heard on regular AM radio, the telecasters have not often

taken advantage of their opportunities to present classical and other good music. TV so seldom presents music of any kind except as background for commercials that we must turn to radio or records for music.

Because it was developed first, AM or amplitude modulation is used by most of the older radio stations. Storms produce static waves similar to those used in AM transmission, so static and interference from other stations are common to AM radio. Seeking to find a static-free system for radio, Major Edwin Armstrong first discovered FM or frequency modulation in 1938. Both AM and FM use a carrier wave of a certain specific frequency for each station. This carrier is a high-frequency electromagnetic wave to which the music or voice wave can be added by modulating the amplitude or the frequency. With FM, there is no similarity to weather static. FM gives static-free reception and as an added bonus gives the full range of high and low notes needed for high fidelity music.

Because AM stations, government and amateur radio already filled most of the lower frequencies, FM stations in the 1940's were forced to use higher frequencies which do not travel as far. You can hear an AM station two thousand or more miles away, especially at night, but the higher frequencies used for FM radio usually limit the reception to something between a ten and fifty mile radius. The height of the transmitting antenna and the broadcast power are the two big factors in determining how far FM signals will go. Now with increasing revenue FM stations are erecting better towers and using more power. The number of FM stations is increasing rapidly, and already there are more FM than AM broadcasters in many parts of the country. In such large centers of population as Los Angeles and New York, FM listening quantitatively surpasses AM radio. Anywhere the quality and variety of FM programing surpasses AM; some AM stations have improved their offerings and advertise FM music on AM, but they cannot put the high or low notes into the home or car.

THE recording industry has moved us into high fidelity and stereo, and now stereo/FM is found in most parts of the country. The FCC has recently approved a system developed by Zenith and General Electric which permits an FM station using special equipment to send both right and left channels needed for stereo, and older FM sets will still hear the same non-stereo programs they have enjoyed in the past. Stereo requires two matched but separate systems from the microphone to the loudspeaker. Two of everything means about double the price, but the three-dimensional lifelike quality of the result is worth the added cost to those with an ear for music.

Adding a new stereo/FM tuner is an inexpensive way to add the variety of radio programing to favorite records on your stereo record player. Those without stereo will find complete stereo/FM receivers available in table models, consoles with record changers, and other combina-

tions. The two loudspeakers can be placed almost anywhere, depending upon the listener's personal preferences. FM stations have limited commercials in number and in content, so the advertising on stereo/FM can be expected to be in good taste.

The first stereo radio programs used an AM station for one channel and an FM or TV station for the other, but receivers were not matched so that much of the stereo effect was missed. The AM portion clipped off high and low notes, so fidelity was low. A few hours per week in most areas you can hear stereo if you have both AM and FM receivers. The new stereo/FM system is used by a large number of existing FM stations. New stations have been attracted to this medium, now that people everywhere have discovered the listening pleasure of stereo FM.

Inexpensive FM receivers are now available as car radios, and probably in time stereo/FM will be available for automobiles, but the added cost will limit stereo/FM to living rooms for most people. Zenith's Chicago station, WEFM, is the oldest FM station in the U.S., with about twenty years of broadcasting experience. WEFM began transmitting stereo/FM on June 30, 1959, without interfering with regular FM reception. Since the 1961 approval of this system by the FCC, the governmental control agency has already received many requests for licenses for stereo/FM.

With this new system, FM broadcasters plan to increase the amount of live programing they carry. Interested citizens can influence the new programing by writing to the stations to tell them what they want to hear. If you want to hear organ music and choirs from great churches in realistic stereo/FM, tell the program manager. If you want to hear local bands as well as major symphonies, let your local stations know. TV audiences have lost control of what enters their homes; efforts to regain control and return decency to all programs on television will not meet with immediate success. Now that radio is stereo, the public can get whatever music, news, and other material it wants by keeping the stations informed of their desires as the audience grows. Competition from FM stations has improved AM programing; AM, FM, and stereo/FM will all compete with TV and perhaps help improve programing on all our mass entertainment media. ■■

"I forget what's playing but *whatever* it is, it's colossal, stupendous, and you're not likely to see another picture like it for centuries."

John, the Forerunner

By Elmer G. Million

IN this day of atomic weapons we can especially appreciate John the Baptist. We are jaded with "civilization" and long to escape to some primitive place of unspoiled beauty where life is simple and uncluttered. John the Baptist is one who did more than think about such things; early in his life he betook himself to the desert where life was uncomplicated.

John's decision to go to the desert certainly was not prompted by lack of privilege. He was the son of Zechariah, a priest, and Elizabeth, his mother, was also from a priestly family. Elizabeth and Zechariah would go to church "every time the doors were open" and they eagerly took part in the worship service there. As members of Israel they were filled with hope—surely God would soon overthrow the tyrant Rome and give to his people, Israel, a life and nation of their very own.

But John was different from his parents and those with whom they associated. The church ritual did not thrill him as it seemed to thrill his parents. They and their friends were singing of a "better day by and by" but John wasn't so sure that tomorrow would be better. Indeed his brooding on the writings of the prophets made him wonder if God's bringing in his kingdom would not be catastrophic. John felt out of place.

In the Desert

So he headed for the desert, for he needed time and quietness to straighten things out for himself. Alone—removed from the church and its worship, away from the busy round of neighborly visiting and community activities—here in the desert he could think. And think he did, meditating on the fact that Israel was in some respects as secular as Rome, her oppressor. His careful, thoughtful study of the prophets helped him move from an inarticulate, brooding dread of the future into a clear appreciation of the wrath and judgment of God. As it had been with Amos so it was with John; he found himself in the desert.

Upon completing his sojourn in the desert John returned to the region round about the Jordan River and began preaching a fearful mes-

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sage: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." You may think, said John, that you enjoy a special position with God but this is not so. God is not beholden to any particular group because "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. Listen, you serpents," continued John, "God's wrath will be vented upon all of us alike. Even now the axe of God's judgment is chopping through the root of our Jewish tree. Repent! Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance!"

The people asked: What must we do? And John was not general but specific. He said, "If you have two coats, give one away to someone who has none. . . . Share your meat." To the tax-collectors he said, "Quit squeezing all you can out of the people." To the soldiers, he said: "Quit being violent. Quit accusing others falsely."

What Kind of Man Was John?

John looked more like a lumberjack than a preacher. His clothes were primitive and rugged. He slept out in the open and his diet was composed of anything edible he could catch with his hands. But he was a man of raw courage. Everybody knew that Herod had broken the Jewish law when he married his brother's wife but do you think anybody would call Herod down on this? Nobody but this queer one from the desert. He, this John, minced no words in condemning Herod's marriage with Herodias. He was one who spoke alike to soldier and commander in chief. No two scales of justice for him, all men were judged at the same bar of God's righteousness.

Small wonder, therefore, that Jesus as a young man heard about this John the Dipper and decided to cast his lot with him. Standing on Jordan's bank Jesus listened to this uncompromising preacher and observed his effect on the people. Jesus felt himself in sympathy with this preacher of righteousness and decided to join his movement. So he, too, was baptized.

But as he continued to listen to John, Jesus felt himself differing from him in certain important respects. So he, too, fled to the desert where he could think things through. There he decided that John was truly a prophet; indeed he was the last of the prophets. John was Elijah returned to earth; his task was to prepare the way for the true Messiah. And Jesus felt himself called to this high office.

Upon returning from his own desert experience Jesus continued to identify himself with John and his movement. However, an event was about to take place which threw the mantle of kingdom leadership exclusively onto Jesus' shoulders.

Herod pitched an official party, with all the trimmings. The highlight of the evening was a dance by Salome, his wife's daughter by the previous marriage. Salome's suggestive movements so delighted Herod and the boys that Herod offered to give her anything she wanted, up to one half of his kingdom. Being a clever girl, Salome held her tongue until she could ask mama's advice.

And mama, still smarting under the whip of John's public criticism of her present marriage said, "Ask for John the Baptist's head on a platter."

When Herod heard Salome's request he was sorely grieved. To be sure he had not welcomed John's public criticism, but he had observed John's strict sense of justice, and that he admired. Furthermore he marveled at John's capacity to plunge quickly to the core of a problem and greatly respected his bothersome ability to fire the rifle shots of his criticism straight into the bull's eye. John excited his admiration even while he pilloried him for his sins. Herod would not on his own kill such a man but now he was in a situation where he must. So he granted Salome's grisly request.

John's death required Jesus to come to the fore as the principal preacher of the kingdom of God. Hence John was unto the last one who prepared the way for Him "whose shoe I am not worthy to untie."

John Still Lives

John's influence continued to live on after his death, not only in his influence on Jesus but in other ways. The Lord's Prayer, for example, is an illustration of his influence for it was only after Jesus' disciples came to him and said, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples" that Jesus taught them to pray together saying, "Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. . . ."

We cannot know whether John would have approved of his disciples' continuing the movement he had started or not, but we do know that such was done. In Acts 18:24-19:7 we read of one Apollos, "a native of Alexandria," who preached eloquently in Ephesus and baptized people "into John's baptism." This kind of thing taking place twenty-five years after John's death, and during precisely the time of Jesus' ministry, death, and resurrection, is a tremendous tribute to the personality of John. Only a man of consummate morality, piety, and preaching power could produce such results.

For that matter we in our day pay tribute to John the Baptist every time we baptize someone into the Christian church. Indeed one section of the church universal is proud to take his name and hence call themselves Baptists.

But the most eloquent testimony to John is that of *Jesus himself:* "What did you go out into the wilderness to behold? A reed shaken by the wind? Why then did you go out? To see a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, those who wear soft raiment are in king's houses. Why then did you go out? To see a prophet? Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet. This is he of whom it is written,

'Behold, I send my messenger
before thy face,
Who shall prepare thy way
before thee.'

Truly, I say to you, among those born of women there has risen no one greater than John the Baptist . . ." (Matt. 11:7-11a). ■■

Fat people look like the figure ate.
—Jack Herbert

Strategic Weekend

By Dorothy Best Rains

Cathy Kirby was afraid that she might offend the faculty wives during the outing at Newport for the children from the speech clinic. And what if Mrs. Whitford wasn't sold?

CATHY watched her husband as he carefully knotted the striped tie. "You look wonderful, Milt. I'm so glad we managed that suit. The whole department will be impressed with the distinguished Dr. Milton Kirby, consulting speech therapist."

He laughed. "Hope so. Right now I've got butterflies in my stomach like a kid giving his first speech." He turned from the mirror and reached for his coat. "You look okay yourself."

Cathy made a face at him, ran the comb through her blond curls. Her print dress was definitely two years old. The men of the faculty wouldn't notice and perhaps their wives would be kind. Maybe at some time they, too, had had to bear the expense of moving across the country. From Hillsdale College to a west coast university is a long way.

A wordless prayer filled Cathy's heart as Milt fought the traffic through the crowded streets. His voice was tight with excitement.

"Lee is the man I'm anxious to meet. If I hit it off with him, we're set."

"He's really the head of the university's speech correction depart-

ment, isn't he? Do you think he's more important than Deen?

"Well, yes, to me. Deen is department chairman, over all the speech. But Lee's the man I've got to please. I've a feeling we may not agree on therapeutic procedure. He's a Freudian, you know. Leaves God out of the picture entirely."

Cathy smiled to herself. It was hard to disassociate her husband from his technical terminology. She understood only some of the language. She patted his knee. "Don't worry, darling. My woman's intuition tells me you'll go over with a bang."

She wasn't so sure, though, as they were ushered into the spacious dining room where most of the men and women were in evening clothes. Because she felt dowdy and terribly scared, she whispered laughingly to Milt, "Remember, they're only people." He grinned and squeezed her hand.

Then Dr. Deen and his wife approached and greeted them. Smoothly the elderly woman took Cathy's arm while introducing her and Milton to the others. Rapidly Cathy tried to catalogue names and faces.

The Ichabod-Crane-looking man was Dr. Thoreson, distinguished in the field of rhetorical theory. The small, neatly built, young fellow was Dr. McCann, instructor of interpretation. The large, hearty guy with the booming voice was Dr. Nicholas, in charge of public address.

Somehow she answered their pleasantries, noting happily their genuine warmth in greeting Milt. Dr. Lee, tall, greying, with penetrating eyes, was the last to arrive. He pumped Milt's hand, speaking enthusiastically.

"Kirby, at last! Been wanting you here for three years. We're counting on big things from you."

Suddenly Cathy realized she was having a good time. Why, these people were just like Hillsdale College folks, friendly, outgoing. Milt had told her any speech faculty was full of extroverts. He was right!

THEY were seated at dinner beside the McCanns and across from the Lees. Cathy noticed the small glass at her plate and saw that waiters were pouring wine. She felt a moment of panic. This would never have happened at a Hillsdale faculty dinner. Out of the side of her eye she watched Milt casually turn his glass down. She turned hers down, too, trying to concentrate meanwhile on Dr. McCann's lengthy answer to her question about interpretative speech.

Throughout the meal, the faculty and wives boasted shamelessly of the glories of southern California. The Lees proposed a Saturday drive to Capistrano; the McCanns invited them to luncheon that week at Farmer's Market. Like a stream, through their conversation kept coming information about the speech clinic. Cathy's ears were alert. The clinic would be Milt's work, primarily.

Dessert was being served. Lee and Milt threw psychological terminology at each other like college kids using slang, Cathy thought with amused tolerance. Slowly, she realized, other conversation around them had

stopped. Everyone was listening.

"I liked your book, Kirby," Lee said, "and the refreshing approach. Until you got to the last chapter." His eyes twinkled. "There you played to the Sunday school crowd. A cheap trick. Sells more books, though."

Cathy felt Milt stiffen. She prayed as he answered, "On the contrary, Lee, my whole principle of speech therapy is based on the stutterer finding himself spiritually. Psychotherapy may help. Many times it does. But I give the spiritual rehabilitation I explained in that chapter credit for every case I've treated with any measure of success."

There was a silence. Cathy was thankful to hear the tinkle of silver against a glass and see Dr. Deen standing. He wiped his heavily moustached mouth, held up a hand for silence.

"Now if Lee and Kirby down at the other end of the table can stop settling the stutterer's problem at present, we'll proceed." There was polite, good-natured laughter. Cathy relaxed.

Deen continued, praising the strides of the department in the past year, particularly the fast growing clinic.

"As you well know, we need a new wing for the building. We need new play equipment. That takes money, and we don't have it. So our beach outing at Lee's cabin will have two purposes. To give the youngsters a good time. Get them on a good footing with the wives of our faculty. And," he paused, taking a large gulp of water, "and to interest Mrs. Whitford in making a substantial donation. She's to be our guest that weekend ostensibly to observe the work. Investigating would be a more likely word. So we leave it to the ladies to do the job of selling her on our work."

Lee jumped to his feet, proposed a toast to the ladies and to the success of their endeavor. The waiters filled the liquor glasses. Cathy and Milt drank the toast in water.

Committees were announced, dates settled for meetings, and the evening concluded. Mrs. Lee, blond, tall, and somewhat artificial looking, undertook to explain to Cathy about the beach weekend.

"While the men have student conferences during registration week, we take the clinic children down each year to our cabin at Newport. It's nice there this time of year. We swim, sail, fish. The kids love it. Have you done any clinic work, Mrs. Kirby?"

Cathy admitted she hadn't. "I love children, though. And I've worked with them in recreational programs."

"Well, I'm afraid the men of our speech department rely pretty heavily on their wives' donated time," Mrs. Lee said apologetically, looking a little surprised. "Most of us don't mind, though. I like this better than most charity enterprises."

ON the way home, Milt held Cathy's hand. "They're quite a bunch, aren't they?"

"Yes, I was frightened at first. I'm a little scared about this coming weekend. If only you'd be there, too."

He chuckled. "And be the only

man? No, thanks. It's a strictly female enterprise, with the goal being relieving this Whitford woman of a lot of cash. Lee was telling me she's very eccentric."

Later, when Cathy remembered that remark she considered it a masterpiece of understatement.

The weekend got off to a noisy start with the faculty wives bustling some forty youngsters into the various cars and station wagons. Deaf children, aphasia cases, stutterers, lispers, two cerebral palsy youngsters. Cathy watched with admiration the gracious, kind, patient way the wives handled the children. She drove four deaf children in her car.

The food was excellent; the cabin, spacious. *This is going to be fun,* she thought.

Mrs. Whitford was tiny and stooped. Her mouth was like a cloth that's been puckered by a too-tight thread. She acknowledged the introductions with a sharp nod and perched primly in a straight chair.

Two of the faculty wives were preparing the children for sailing while the others waited in the parlor. One by one they tried to include Mrs. Whitford in conversation, but with no success.

Cathy thought with sinking heart that if they failed to please her it would greatly hinder Milt's work.

FOUR of the women went sailing the first time while five stayed behind. Cathy wasn't a water enthusiast so she was glad to stay. Mrs. McCann suggested a hand of bridge. Two of the other ladies enthusiastically agreed. Mrs. McCann invited Mrs. Whitford, and to Cathy's relief the puckered mouth announced firmly, "I never play cards."

Mrs. McCann calmly went about putting up the card table, saying, "We'll take you to the cleaners for a penny a point, Mrs. Kirby. All winnings go to the clinic fund, you know."

Cathy wished the floor would open and swallow her as she said quietly, "I'm sorry; I don't play either."

"What a shame! Then we don't have a fourth!" Mrs. McCann's glance was annoyed.

The five of them sat in embarrassed silence for some time. Mrs. Deen asked Cathy where her girlhood home was and, to make conversation, Cathy launched into an elaborate description. It was a difficult two hours before the others returned.

Saturday was no better. Mrs. Whitford showed no signs of thawing. Beneath their polite exteriors, Cathy felt a tension in the group. Also, she didn't seem to be able to get close to any of the women. The happiest hour was the afternoon swim.

It was Saturday night when she made her decision. From the first she had wondered if it would be wise to make a point of going to church Sunday. Obviously, that was not on the day's agenda. She had noticed a small community church a mile up the road.

After the children were safely tucked in bed, she went out onto the lanai where the others were having Martinis. Mrs. Lee was pouring.

"Something for a parched throat, my dear?"

"No, thank you." There was no evidence of lemonade or coke. While the others were busy she took a seat beside Mrs. Lee and, trying not to sound scared or apologetic, asked, "Did you have any plans for me for tomorrow morning?"

"No, let's see—it's McCann and Nicholas for the hike around the island. You're quite free."

"Thank you. I thought perhaps I'd go to church. I could be back to help serve lunch."

Mrs. Lee's face was a mask. Her tone was impersonal, almost cold as she nodded. "Anything you like. The others will be sleeping late, so be quiet as you leave. Thorenson is helping me with a breakfast picnic at the point for the children." She dropped her voice, "I really don't know what Mrs. Whitford will do—sleep, or go to the picnic. She's beyond me!" Mrs. Lee dabbed angrily at a spot on the table with her napkin. Her tone and manner certainly conveyed that Cathy was beyond her, too.

I've failed Milt with this crowd, Cathy thought miserably, as she brushed her hair in the morning. But —well, it wasn't just that she'd had a perfect attendance at Sunday school since she was a little girl. Nothing that simple! *If I am to be true to myself and my Lord at all,* she decided, *they'll simply have to like me for the kind of a person I am.* It was pretty plain that they only tolerated her. She put on her hat, took her Bible, gloves and purse, and left.

As she was tiptoeing down the hall she heard Mrs. Whitford call in an imperious stage whisper, "Young woman! Mrs. Kirby, where are you going?"

Surprised, Cathy answered, "To church. I tried to be quiet and not wake anyone." She felt like they were practically shouting outside everyone's bedroom door.

The grey head disappeared into the room, returned with an elaborately decorated hat set squarely on it. "I'll go with you," she announced firmly.

Driving the short distance to the church, Mrs. Whitford made a longer speech than she had the entire weekend. "Glad to see somebody in this crowd knows what Sunday's for. Heartless bunch of young sophisticates! They want to help the handicapped youngsters. Well, they can't do it by leaving God out. Those tykes need entertainment and fun and love. But they need Sunday school and church, too." Her back was rigid, her steps sure as they entered the small white chapel. Cathy followed shyly.

On the way home, Mrs. Whitford continued as though their talk had been uninterrupted. "Oh, I know what they're after. Well, let me tell you something, young woman." She placed her gloved hand on Cathy's arm as she drove. "The reason I've never given a penny of my husband's estate to the university clinic is because they go at it the wrong way. Mr. Whitford was a Christian." Her voice shook. Cathy stopped for a light and glanced over to see that the firm mouth was trembling a little.

"Always been interested in stutterers. Mr. Whitford was a stutterer as a child. When I read your husband's book and heard he was coming to the clinic, I called Dr. Lee and told him I'd like a chance to look over the work. They invited me down here." The elderly woman stared out the window.

"Think I'll have a talk with Dr. Lee when we get back to the city. I could let 'em have fifty thousand, but mind you, only if they let your husband do things his way."

Cathy drove into the driveway and saw the astonished faces on the porch. Mrs. Lee was halfway down the steps before they climbed out. "Mrs. Whitford! We've been worried about you. We thought you were sleeping late. Then about an hour ago I called and when no one answered I was frantic." She turned accusing eyes on Cathy. "Where did you find her?"

But the grey-haired woman answered tartly. "It is my custom to attend Sunday school and morning worship. Fortunately, one in your midst is of like mind. I certainly appreciate it."

Glancing neither to the right nor the left, she ascended the steps, crossed the porch and went into the house.

On impulse, Cathy leaned forward and squeezed Mrs. Lee's hand, "She's letting us have the money. Don't let on. Tell you more about it later."

Mrs. Lee's face registered first incredulity, then joy as she hugged Cathy briefly and walked with her arm around Cathy's waist back to the others on the porch. ■■

Conversation WITH A MOUSE

By Arnold Porter

Take Me to Another Leader

RANDOLPH left us the other day for duty with the intelligence section. At the time it seemed to be a permanent mutual arrangement.

"It will be a pleasure," said Randolph, "to work with some people who have at least a modicum of intelligence."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Modicum is an old word which means. . . ."

"I know what modicum means, Randolph, and I suppose I know what you mean, too. I think you are expecting too much from a transfer. Not all the intelligent people are in intelligence."

"Well," said Randolph, "I know of some sections which do not have one single intelligent individual. The characters I work with here are overbearing, autocratic, inconsiderate and stupid."

"Now, now, Randolph," I said, "if you want to work in intelligence, go ahead. Maybe some of it will rub off."

Randolph waited around a couple of days until after a meeting of the Protestant Women of the Chapel, and then he went off to the heavily guarded security area of INTELLIGENCE.

Six days later he was back just in time for the PWOC refreshments. After he ate he announced he had decided to give us another trial.

"Easy go, easy come," I said.

"What brought you back?"

"Work, work, work, that's all they do over there."

"What did you hope to do? Just sit around and look intelligent?"

"I know some people that are pretty good at just sitting around looking pious."

"All right, all right, what else did they want you to do?"

"I was supposed to use my French."

"Could you do that?"

"Yes, but all I know is *oui, non, je t'aime* and *ou est le fromage?* And cheese isn't often an intelligence matter."

"I can believe that, Randolph. Tell me, how was the intelligence level compared to our section?"

"Disappointing. I think it was a sort of dull normal like everyone here. Some of them were even stupid."

"I doubt it. Weren't you well treated?"

"They were overbearing, autocratic, inconsiderate. . . ."

"There must have been something good about that job. Wasn't it interesting? Didn't you enjoy handling all those secret and top-secret papers?"

"All papers taste the same, really. It's not much different from the *Stars and Stripes.*"

"How were the refreshments?"

"Vile."

"No Intelligence Wives Association?"

"No!"

"Well, Randolph, that's the way it goes. A transfer is sometimes trading one set of problems for another." ■■

SUPERIORITY COMPLEX

Once upon a time, an Idaho potato married a Long Island potato. They were very happy and pretty soon they had a little sweet potato. (Botanists say this is impossible, but that's the way the joke goes.)

After the sweet potato grew to maturity, and her eyes began to wander, she came to her mother, the Long Island potato and said: "Mama, I have a crush on David Brinkley. He's so refined, so gentlemanly. I love him dearly, mama, and I want to marry him."

"Heavens!" the mother potato said. "You can't marry David Brinkley. He's a commentator."—*Seng Fellowship News.*

ANSWER
to
"The Beginning"

Virginia Dare. She was born on August 18, 1587 at Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lost Colony" on Roanoke Island, N.C.—seven years before Shakespeare published his first play and two decades before Capt. John Smith established the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown.

PHOTO CREDITS

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You shouldn't kick a man when he is down, or any other time.—Jack Herbert.

The Church Around the World

By J. Blaine Fister

CHRISTIANITY is a missionary religion. It has been so from the very beginning. Jesus said, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations . . ." (Mt. 28:19, 20). The Apostle Paul was the first great missionary of the church. We read with great interest the accounts of his various missionary journeys under great hardship to "regions beyond." When comparing travel conditions 2,000 years ago with our modern modes of travel and communication, we begin to understand the difficulties, hardships, but above all the real strength of purpose that undergirded Paul's missionary efforts. The story of the spread of the Christian gospel throughout the entire world in the last 2,000 years is exciting. We are reinforced in our belief that God's hand is at work in history. While there are many regions of the world that are still unevangelized, there are no more "unknown regions," and our transportation and communications facilities are effective. Yet the gospel of Christ has not encompassed the whole world.

One of the slogans of the missionary movement a few decades ago was "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." This is no longer accepted as a realistic goal. We realize that there are forces at work that do not make it as simple as that.

Concept of Missions Changing

We used to think of the countries of the West bringing the "light" to the "dark" places of the world. Missionaries were sent out to establish "stations" in the far corners of the earth. There was great emphasis on the *foreign* aspect of the missionary task. Today the boundaries between foreign and home missions are disappearing. This means a person can be involved in this mission right where he is, in his own church, in the surrounding community, in his own state or country. This calls for an adjustment in the thinking of our Western countries regarding what we mean by the missionary task. Young churches have sprung up in many parts of the world, formerly thought

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of as "mission" countries. There is life in these young churches, and they are forcing us to examine what we mean by "mission." It is no longer a matter of the "haves" bringing the Christian gospel to the "have-nots." We realize more and more that we stand in need of the gospel of reconciliation along with the entire world. And this gospel can be preached with vigor by an African sent to New York City, an Indian in Japan, or an American in Chicago.

Even the term "missionary" itself has come into question, and is not being used in some places by some mission boards. There is increased use of the term "fraternal worker," and in this very term we sense the partnership of fellow Christians bearing each other's burdens, witnessing and ministering together.

Old stereotypes of the missionary are fading. Perhaps you have in mind a mental image of the prototype of days gone by. The missionaries today are skilled persons in many areas, competent craftsmen, technicians, agricultural specialists, medics, nurses, teachers, preachers. There is a "wholeness" about missions today that perhaps was missing in the past.

The New Appeal Facing Missions

Lesslie Newbigin has written a little booklet for the International Missionary Council, before its merger with the World Council of Churches, *One Body, One Gospel, One World —The Christian Mission Today.* He suggests a phrase that might challenge us today: "The whole church, with one gospel of reconciliation for the whole world." We can see the thinking in back of this phrase. It means the church—whether it be in the United States, Western Europe, Africa, or India or any place in the world—is the one church that is concerned with the one mission, and the one gospel of reconciliation for the whole world. This is true ecumenicity. It is an interesting phenomenon that the ecumenical movement got its great start from the missionary enterprise.

New Types of Missionaries

Today churches are experimenting with various approaches to the missionary task. Persons are being sent out for short terms; they work as consultants and resource persons with the nationals in the countries they are visiting. The old idea of a "mission station" as a static operation is fast disappearing. Paul was never static in his missionary activities. He moved about visiting the churches, giving counsel and aid, correcting errors, and giving encouragement. Moving freely among the churches (except when imprisoned), he gave the kind of help that was needed in each specific circumstance.

Growth of Missions

The growth of the Protestant missionary endeavor has been phenomenal. Here is a chart indicating statistics related to the number of missionaries from the beginning of the twentieth century to 1960. Remember, however, as you note this growth, how inadequate is our supply of missionaries around the world.

Year	North American Protestant Missionaries	World-wide Protestant Missionaries
1903		15,388
1911	7,239	21,307
1925	14,043	29,188
1936	11,289	27,677
1950	15,039	
1952	18,576	35,522
1956	23,432	34,692
1958	25,058	38,606
1960	27,219	42,250

(From *Occasional Bulletin* of the Missionary Research Library, Vol. XI, No. 9, Nov. 23, 1960.)

What a task force this is! Protestant churches in all parts of the world are sending 42,250 missionaries to lands other than their own. It is significant, however, that 64.4 per cent of this number go from the United States and Canada. It is reported that the North American Foreign Missionary force has been increased 81 per cent during the past ten years. Our missionaries from the United States and Canada are serving in 146 countries and two territories, and the income of their supporting societies is over $170,000,000. This is no mean effort. We might ask, "Is it accomplishing anything? Is it worth it? Are missions still needed?" When the church loses its concern for missions, it will be completely self-centered or dead.

Where Is the Mission Base?

The home base for missions is everywhere. According to Newbigin, "From the point of view of a congregation in Boston, what happens in Tokyo is still 'the ends of the earth'; but from the point of view of the Christians in Tokyo it is not. We have entered into an era when we must simply abandon the idea that our terminology is determined by the point of view of Boston rather than that of Tokyo. From the point of view of the new home base, Boston is as much 'ends of the earth' as Tokyo. From this point of view, therefore, we can no longer speak as though what happens in Tokyo is foreign missions, and what happens in Boston is not." This is an adjustment that we will have to make in our way of thinking about missionary work, about missions, about the world-wide Christian fellowship of which we are a part.

Reports from the World Council of Churches meeting in New Delhi indicate that some of the most significant insights came from the rising voices of delegates from the younger churches. We have thought too long that Christianity was identical with Western civilization, that our way of life was the way of life God wills for the whole world, and that Christianization meant Westernization. Happily this thinking is disappearing. The mission of the church is not our mission, it is Christ's mission. We are his agents of reconciliation. We are not the reconciler, and this means we must put much more trust in God and his ways.

So You Are a Missionary

Wherever men and women know Christ and he is obeyed as Lord, there is the church; there are missionaries. This can mean you. No matter if you travel around the block

to the grocery store, to your office, or to church, in Hong Kong, Brazzaville, or Rangoon, or Brooklyn. "The missionary frontier runs through every land where there are communities living without the knowledge of Christ as Lord." So you are a missionary!

It has been suggested again and again that there are many Christians traveling around the world who are not professionals. They are the businessmen, the merchants, the tourists, the soldiers. Have we really thought of these persons as missionaries? Have you really thought of yourself as a missionary? There are religions other than Christianity that have spread precisely because the believers traveling to other countries continued to follow the practices and concepts of their faith. One does not have to be a paid professional, sent under a mission board, but a Christian who is aware of the mission.

The great enterprise of the church is carrying out the Great Commission of Christ (Mt. 28:19, 20). And the mission of the church is a mission that must express the real unity of Christ's people. It is truly one body, one gospel, one world, and Christians are facing formidable foes in the world.

A Dutch theologian writing in a special issue of *Laity* quoted that in 1900 there were 34 per cent of the world population who were Christian, in 1935 it was 31 per cent, and in the year 2000 he predicts it will be only 16 per cent. Christians have always been a minority, and if predictions prevail they will even be a greater minority in the years ahead. However, we must be a live minority and a church that realizes its mission cannot help being alive, for it is God's mission. Since it is, surely God himself will guide and bless it! ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings

AUGUST

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Deuteronomy	24:14-22
2	Deuteronomy	28:1-14
3	Deuteronomy	30:1-20
4	Ecclesiastes	1:1-18
5 Sunday	Ecclesiastes	9:1-18
6	Micah	4:1-13
7	Micah	6:1-16
8	Habakkuk	2:1-20
9	Habakkuk	3:1-19
10	Zachariah	4:1-14
11	Malachi	3:1-18
12 Sunday	Mark	6:1-29
13	Mark	6:30-56
14	Mark	7:1-37
15	Mark	10:1-27
16	Mark	10:28-52
17	1 Timothy	1:1-20
18	1 Timothy	2:1-15
19 Sunday	1 Timothy	3:1-16
20	1 Timothy	4:1-16
21	1 Timothy	5:1-25
22	1 Timothy	6:1-21
23	Psalm	84:1-12
24	Psalm	111:1-10
25	Psalm	119:1-16
26 Sunday	Psalm	119:33-48
27	Psalm	119:97-112
28	Psalm	119:113-128
29	Psalm	119:137-152
30	Psalm	121:1-8
31	Psalm	122:1-9

Two Good Samaritans

By Patricia Hopkins

NEARING the end of our eight-thousand-mile journey through the Middle East and the Holy Land last summer, we approached Brenner Pass in the Italian Alps very late on the last day of my husband's leave.

An Army family of four, we had experienced great difficulties in Yugoslavia with bad roads. Due to unexpected car repairs at two garages in this country and the delays involved, we were not only pressed for time, but were so short of money that it seemed we would not be able to continue because of an almost empty gas tank.

We had gas coupons for use at the American Army gas station in Garmisch, Germany. My husband, with only two hours' sleep the previous night, had driven a straight twenty-one hours, trying to arrive at Garmisch before the station closed. I made sandwiches throughout the day, for not only did we have no time to stop to eat, we did not have enough money for restaurant meals. We had never been in such a predicament in fifteen years of traveling by automobile.

The children had long since fallen asleep. We stopped in the glare of lights at the Italian-Austrian border at the summit of Brenner Pass, and after having our passports checked, my husband and I had debated about a solution to our problem.

We were too late to reach Garmisch now, so our gas coupons were useless. We had only a few Austrian coins and not enough American money to buy more than a gallon of gasoline. My husband had to sign in at the Army Kaserne in just a few hours and we still had over one hundred miles to drive. We seemed to be surrounded by people who spoke only Italian and a dialect of Austrian-German with which we were not familiar. Although we had always stopped on our journeys to assist any traveler in need, this situation required money, and therefore was more difficult.

Closing my eyes in almost utter exhaustion, I naturally prayed, for our situation at that moment seemed quite desperate. I heard my husband get out of the car and assumed that he had gone into the office to try to find assistance.

Ten minutes later he came back to the car, and in a dazed voice related the following:

He had noticed an American licensed automobile drive past us and stop at Customs. Since it was the first American car that he had seen all day, he hurried over to speak with the occupants, two American women. Although it was very much against his nature, he was so glad to find someone who spoke English that he explained our difficulties to them. He asked them if it would be possible for them to help us, quickly stating that we would reimburse them by check as soon as we reached our home.

Not only were they instantly responsive to his plea, but they refused to give him their address or to even take ours so that we could repay them.

One of the ladies said, "Some day we may need assistance and someone will help us."

To attempt to describe the deep feeling of elation that filled our car at that moment would be impossible. We were so thankful and grateful for these two Good Samaritans who had not hesitated in applying the Golden Rule. With their help we were able to continue our journey and arrive on time at my husband's duty station.

Although we do not even know their names and have no way to ever thank them personally, we will never forget them. Their kindness exemplifies Christianity, not just in theory, but in actual practice and deed. ■■

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

COMMUNION

What miracle there lies within
This broken bread and wine,
The power of a human heart
For fellowship with Thine.
A silent pledge of mind and soul.
A restless spirit, still
A love renewed by God and man
New knowledge of Thy will.

LABOR

When your back is bent with work
'Twill make your shoulders broader;
To think, not of the easy jobs,
But of the ones much harder.

THE PRICE

Popularity is nice
But sometimes I choose friction;
I will not pay for fellowship
That costs me my conviction.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Marriage like vocation
Takes a whole lot more than yearning;
And parenthood like college
Calls for concentrated learning.
A license and a willing girl
Will only build the fence;
A home needs love and faith in God
And lots of common sense.

CHILD-VIEW OF AGE

Little Janie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day and after looking at him intently for some time, she asked: "Grandpa, were you in the ark with Noah?" "Certainly not, my dear," he replied in astonishment. "Then," said the child, "why weren't you drowned?"—Jim Henry in *Quote*.

Retreaters at Berchtesgaden, Ger., during March 26-30, 1962.

1962 Protestant Retreat Schedule
Berchtesgaden, Germany

August
7-9 Reformed and Christian Reformed Retreat

September
4-6 Protestant Retreat for Men
18-20 Protestant Retreat
*25-27 Methodist Retreat

October
3-5 Reorganized LDS Retreat
5-7 PMOC Training Conference
9-11 Protestant Retreat
*16-18 NAE Retreat
19-21 Protestant Family Retreat
23-25 Protestant Retreat for Men
*23-25 Christian Science Retreat

November
6-8 Protestant Retreat for Men
*6-8 LDS Retreat
*20-22 Nazarene Retreat
27-29 Protestant Retreat

December
11-13 Protestant Retreat

* Activities marked by the asterisk (*) will be held at the General Walker Hotel. All other retreats and conferences will be held at the Alpine Inn.

Most retreats and conferences are scheduled for three days but unit commanders should allow ample travel time to permit arrival by 1800 hours on the day before the date noted in this schedule. Departure will take place after 0900 hours on the date after that noted in the schedule.

Week-end retreats, however, are scheduled for Saturday and Sunday. Arrival should be before 1800 hours on Friday and departure on Monday morning. Come to Berchtesgaden for a closer walk with God.

Let Us Pray

O Eternal God, we pray for peace with justice in all the earth. People everywhere are thy children; thou hast made us for thyself and for brotherhood. Grant that all nations shall delight to do thy will, beginning with us. Bless the rulers of men that they may be responsible to the will of the people, that they will live not selfishly but for the welfare of all mankind. Give us, O Father, the peace which all men desire. Hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ. Through Christ our king. *Amen.*

O Lord, we pray for a deepening of our faith. Help us to learn to trust thee more, not to depend upon ourselves so much but to turn to thee. Grant that through struggle we may grow in purity of thought and cleanness in living. May we increase in wisdom and truth and kindness and love. We realize that our talents are a trust from thee and so help us to dedicate these to thee and thy service and the benefit of mankind. Teach us, O God, how to suffer and not to lose faith, how to walk in thy way and not the way of sin, how to let thy purposes dominate our lives and not our own. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Holy Father, give us thy Spirit. We are weak and inadequate; we need thy help. Grant that we may grow in all those holy virtues which become Christians; in purity, in self-mastery, in truth, in love. Give us the will and the strength to fight evil—in our own lives and outside. Teach us how to be kind, and generous, and courageous. While we are generous toward others, may we be demanding of ourselves. Help us, Father, to live well in spite of the constant pressure around us to live basely, to compromise, to let go, to give in. May we remember the words of our Lord: "You, therefore, must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Often we are discouraged, Father, but help us to be moving on and up. In the name of our Savior from whom comes the power. *Amen.*

Almighty God, grant to us the discipline we need to keep our bodies strong. May we be mindful of the food, the exercise, the rest, the self-control which are necessary for healthy bodies. Let our bodies become the temple of thy Holy Spirit, our Father. And may we grow also in wisdom and in favor with God and man. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

NEWS BITS

Last month, July 8-14, a Lay School of Theology was held on the Westminster College campus, Salt Lake City, Utah; it was sponsored by the Salt Lake Council of Churches and the United Church of Christ. Fifty-five lay persons attended and found their faith in God deepened, their spiritual horizons lifted, and their commitment to Christ strengthened.

And two months ago—June 22-24—one of the most unusual ecumenical conferences yet held took place at Ulm, Germany. 1,000 American soldiers, 1,000 German soldiers, and 100 visitors—2,100 in all—came together for a 3-day conference on the theme: "Christ Our Hope." Addresses, work groups, drama, audio-visuals, worship were some of the methods used to present the theme. The two languages used were German and English. It was a significant and enthusiastic conference.

After thirty-five years as president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, Dr. Daniel A. Poling has resigned, effective this month. Dr. Poling, who is editor of *Christian Herald,* has been active in Christian Endeavor work since 1908. In 1925 he was elected president of the International Society of C.E. (U.S., Canada and Mexico); and in 1927 he became president of the World's C. E. Union.

Sen. Claiborne Pell of R.I. said on the Senate floor that the West owes a great debt to Christian missionaries in Africa. He pointed out that 16 of 23 heads of state in African countries were Christian missionary educated.

Sen. Wayne L. Morse of Oregon, a layman of the United Church of Christ, has introduced an amendment to the Senate rules which would prohibit serving of beverages of more than 24. per cent alcoholic content in the Senate wing or the Senate office buildings, except in private offices. He told the Senate there had been occasions where drinking had proved embarrassing and that "the American people have every right to resent a policy of the Senate, which, in effect, turns the Capitol and the Senate Office Buildings into a saloon on those occasions when these drinking parties occur in buildings paid for and maintained by taxpayers."

A1c Ronald W. Nelson has sent us a copy of the very ambitious mimeographed magazine of the Izmir, Turkey, military group. It is called *Olive Leaves* and contains stories, short pieces, Bible studies, poetry, and the like. It is well done. Congratulations!

The *New English Bible* in its first year has outsold *Lady Chatterley's Lover* around the world by 750,000 copies.

Those who accept some "practical" Christian principles but reject others, such as the commandment to love your enemy, which they call "excessive and idealistic," are atheists no matter what church they belong to, declared Dr. Martin Niemoeller some months ago.

The Rev. Dr. Marion J. Creeger retired on June 30 as executive secretary of The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel. A going-away dinner was given him in April at Ft. McNair. Some 200 chaplains and other religious and service leaders gathered to honor Dr. Creeger and his notable achievements during the nine years he has served the Commission. He has been succeeded by the Rev. A. Ray Appelquist, a former Army chaplain.

A special "Christian Committee for Service in Algeria" has been appointed by the World Council of Churches to assist 3,255,000 Algerians in their urgent needs which followed the cease-fire. It is estimated that the program will cost $1,400,000 in its first year, and an appeal for this sum has gone out to the Council's 197 member churches in more than 60 countries. The committee is recruiting carefully selected and trained people to work as teams in the towns and villages of Algeria.

The World Council of Churches is looking for 30 young people between the ages of 20-30 who are willing to give a year of voluntary service in ecumenical work camps in Asia and Africa. The camps—one in Thailand and one in Kenya —will start in August and November respectively. Thailand campers will construct additional buildings at a conference and youth center; Kenya campers will build a conference center at Mombasa. Inquiries from the U.S. should be made to Ecumenical Voluntary Service, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 753, New York 27, N.Y.

Dr. Howard Thurman, dean of the chapel at Boston University, due to a generous grant to the University, is being given a two-year leave of absence so he will be available to selected groups for addresses, sermons, conferences; he will also be able to concentrate on writing and will lecture in certain university centers overseas.

The government of Brazil has adopted *Ver e Ler* (Look and Read) as the official primer for the national adult literacy program. This primer was prepared with Lit-Lit's help (World Literacy and Christian Literature of NCC). The government's campaign is occasioned by an overall illiteracy rate of 51 per cent in Brazil. In the depressed northeast area the rate is 80 per cent with an average annual income per capita of (U.S.) $35.

In 1950, nearly 104,000 women received B.A. degrees; in 1960, this number had jumped to 139,000. Most of the graduates said they did not feel "overeducated." They felt that their education would help them understand the meaning of life better and prove valuable in rearing a family.

Senior citizens are wanted in the Peace Corps. Already nine persons in the 60-70 age group and eight in the 50-60 year bracket have been assigned to overseas projects by Peace Corps. For further information write to Peace Corps, Senior Manpower Recruitment, Washington 25, D.C.

Congress has authorized an expansion of the Peace Corps to 10,000 by 1963.

Mrs. Truman H. Landon, wife of USAFE's Commander in chief, at the coffee following the World Day of Prayer observance at the Rhein Main Air Base, Ger. Mrs. Landon and Mrs. John S. Bennett, wife of the USAFE Command Chaplain, were speakers.

Chaplain (Lt Col) Herman N. Benner discusses with choir director Mrs. Hoffman and composer, Lt Col Carl W. Hoffman, USMC, the anthem, "Behold, the Son of God Is Risen!" presented at Carlisle Barracks Chapel on Easter.

HERE'S a record that is unsurpassed! Mike Grady, third baseman for the old New York Giants, made four errors on the same ball batted. Here's the way it happened: A ball was hit to Mike at third base but he couldn't hold on to it (error #1). He finally picked it up and threw it to first base for a wild peg (error #2). The runner went to second and headed towards Mike at third. The ball was well ahead of the runner, but poor Mike dropped the ball (error #3). The runner then headed for home while Mike was looking for the ball. He finally found it and pegged it home but the ball flew over the catcher's head, and the base runner headed in safely (error #4). Mike made records with his four errors on one batted ball! (1895).

• In 1925 Harry Smith won the pole vault championship. In 1927 his brother Ralph won it. In 1948 Bob, son of Ralph, became the third member of the family to win the National A.A.U. championship. All three represented the Los Angeles A.C.

—Mario DeMarco

The Link Calendar

Aug. 4. Coast Guard Day. Coast Guard founded in 1790.

Aug. 4-11. Television Workshop. American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis.

Aug. 5. Friendship Day. Purpose: "A day on which to remember friends with a visit, a letter, a phone call, greeting card or other expression of thoughtfulness."

Aug. 5. Valley of the Moon Chess Festival. W. Sonoma, Calif.

Aug. 5-10. Summer Conference of Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Lake Geneva, Wis. Opportunity for fellowship, recreation and inspiration with some of the great Christian personalities in the world of sports. Limited to 500. Expenses $50.

Aug. 6-7. Annual Meeting. General Council of Administration. E-UB Church. Dayton, Ohio.

Aug. 7-25. Grand American Trapshoot. Vandalia, Ohio.

Aug. 6. International Character Day. Purpose: "To highlight organization date—announce winner of annual 'Jimmy Award' to Character of the Year."

Aug. 8-11. Old Settlers Celebration. Delphi, Ind.

Aug. 11-18. Missions Conference. American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis.

Aug. 12-17. Another conference of Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Estes Park, Colo. (see above)

Aug. 14. Atlantic Charter Day. Charter signed by Roosevelt and Churchill on this day in 1941.

Aug. 14. V.J. Day. Commemorates victory over Japan, Aug. 14, 1945. Rhode Island.

Aug. 14. World War II Memorial Day. Arkansas.

Aug. 18-25. Christian Education Conference. American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis.

Aug. 20-24. National Youth Conference, Church of the Brethren. Estes Park, Colo.

Aug. 24-Sept. 13. Ohio State Fair. Columbus, Ohio.

Aug. 26-31. Communication Seminar. Rochester, N.Y.

Aug. 26-Sept. 1. General Council, United Christian Youth Movement. Williams Bay, Wis.

Aug. 27-Sept. 1. Women's Amateur Golf Tournament. Rochester, N.Y.

COMING IN SEPTEMBER: **Sept. 30-Oct. 4.** Annual Assembly, International Convention of Christian Churches. Los Angeles, Calif. . . . **Sept. 30-Oct. 7.** Christian Education Week. Theme: "The Christian and His Bible."

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for reading but for group discussion. The ideas found here may also be of help to lay leaders as they prepare talks or sermons.

1. **Take a Long Look at Life** (page *13*)
   Bible Material: Psalm 90
   In what sense may time be thought of as an enemy? as a friend? How do the 90th Psalm and the Christian revelation change the meaning of time for human beings. What are some of the ways we may misuse time? use it wisely?

2. **God Was in Christ** (*page 32*)
   Bible Material: John 1:1-14
   What was there about the following items that convinced men that God was in Christ? 1. The teachings of Jesus? 2. The deeds of Jesus? The death and resurrection of Jesus? Would your attitude toward Christ change if you thought he were only a man? Why or why not? What was Jesus' purpose in coming to the earth?

3. **John the Forerunner** (*page 40*)
   Bible Material: Mark 1:1-11; Matthew 11:1-15
   Some biblical scholars claim Jesus and John were for a while heading rival movements. What evidence can you muster supporting this view? Opposing it? Why did both John and Jesus spend a long period of time in the desert before beginning their lifework? What does this say to us? What does the act of baptism symbolize in the life of Jesus? in the life of the believer?

4. **The Church Around the World** (*page 51*)
   Bible Material: Matthew 28:19-20
   What is the distinction between the mission of the church and the missionary enterprise? Why is the old concept of "foreign missions" being questioned today? How can we be missionaries where we are? What can we give and do for missions? What contributions has missions made to the world?

Books Are Friendly Things

Your Dating Data by Verna J. Joiner. The Warner Press, Anderson, Ind. $1.25.

Wise, thoughtful Christian guidance for teen-agers on dating by an experienced youth leader who has had widespread experience in counseling. Mrs. Joiner deals forcefully with such questions as: When begin dating? Where begin? Who for a date? What can be done on a date? When get serious? and How express affection?

Teach Yourself to Pray by Stephen F. Winward. Harper and Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y. $3.00.

Without doubt prayer is the heart and soul of religion. Many people want to pray but do not know what prayer is all about. Here is a "Do It Yourself" manual on this important area of the Christian life. In this little book you'll find help on how to pray, when and where to pray, how the Bible helps in prayer, what to pray, how to have planned prayer, how to pray with the whole person, how to pray in the midst of life and activity, and how all of life can be lived with prayer.

The Magnitude of Prayer by Kermit R. Olsen. Fleming H. Revell, Westwood, N.J. $2.00.

Fourteen years ago the author wrote a book on prayer called *First Steps in Prayer*. Now its sequel has come out. To achieve the magnitude (the heights, the greatness) of prayer, one must make central in his life certain great principles. The author reveals these through definition, amplification and illustration. What is prayer? "Prayer is being still and letting God take over." And "the art of praying is the greatest of all the living arts." This is a most useful guidebook for the person who wants to learn how to pray.

Healing Through Prayer by Peder Olsen. Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. Fifth St., Minneapolis 15, Minn. Translated from the Norwegian. $2.50.

The author of this book is a chaplain in a large hospital in Oslo, Norway. He feels that the church needs to recover its faith in the healing ministry of prayer. The stories he tells of how tuberculosis, cancer, fever, etc. were cured by prayer are truly remarkable. He believes, however, that faith healing should not be used as an attention-getting device to attract members but be quietly a part of the communion of the saints.

Sex and the Whole Person by Frank E. Wier. Abingdon Press, 201—8th Ave., S., Nashville 3, Tenn. Pupil's Text: 60 cents. Leader's Guide: $1.00.

Here is an excellent study guide to sex as it is related to the whole person. You will discover what it means to be male or female; rejoice in being the person you are; and learn to express this joy in appropriate ways.

sent us. Truly THE LINK is linking several of us here at Taylor Barracks with our Lord.
—Chaplain (Capt) Lee D. Burris, 15th Chemical Group, APO 28, New York, N.Y.

Improves with Each Issue

Enclosed is a postal Money Order for $22.50 for 150 copies of THE LINK. The material seems to improve with each issue. It is most appreciated by all readers here at Subic Bay, Philippines.
—Chaplain William J. Wright, US Naval Station, Subic Bay, Philippines.

Our Friends at Ft. Lee

I want to congratulate you for making THE LINK the most popular magazine among the patients here at Fort Lee Army Hospital. Myself being a chaplain's assistant and my chaplain being the hospital chaplain know how beneficial these magazines are to the patients. Although we have a large subscription of THE LINK, they hardly ever last out the month. The patients enjoy them not only for their religious value but equally important for their human interest. Keep up the good work.
—Your Friends at Fort Lee. PFC Robert N. Sutoon, Hq. and Hq. Co Sp Trp (5435), Fort Lee, Va.

From a V. A. Hospital

Thank you sincerely for the 25 copies of THE LINK just arrived. We are quite safe in saying that THE LINK does not go to waste, but is among the best read of our religious periodicals.
—Chaplain Joseph C. Elmer, V.A. Hospital, Spokane, Wash.

Word from Japan

Thank you for publishing various works by our Tokyo Armed Forces Writers League members. . . . It may please Mrs. Frances Nasch (author of "No Dream Is Too Small") to know that Branch 25 of the Armed Forces Writers' League is still growing. Tokyo branches 25 and 79 have combined and Mr. Hotoshi Uchida, the publisher, as well as many other Japanese people are among our most active members. We are proud to state that in 1961 more than 200 Japanese writers took part in our People-to-People contest, as well as other cultural programs.
—A1C Fronzell L. Spellman, Public Relations Director, AFWL Chapters 25 and 79 in Tokyo.

Gets Better

This is a good time to tell you how very much we appreciate THE LINK and the vital service it renders our Protestant groups. It seems to me it gets better all the time.
—Chaplain (Maj) Kenneth A. Garner, Post Chaplain, Hq. 12th USASA Field Station, APO 181, San Francisco, Calif.

At Ease!

"Like a heavy pressing on your stomach, eh?"

Little Willie was asked if he ever studied the Bible.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Then of course you have read the parables?"

"Yes, sir," said Willie.

"Good," said the teacher. "And will you tell me which parable you like best?"

"I like the one where everybody loafs and fishes."—*Southern Baptist Brotherhood Journal.*

Remember—you're never too old to learn something foolish.—*Table Talk.*

A bishop was invited to dinner. During the meal he was astonished to hear the little daughter of the house state that a person must be brave these days to go to church.

"Why do you say that?" asked the bishop.

"Oh," replied the little child, "I heard papa telling mama that last Sunday there was a big gun in the pulpit; the canon was in the reading desk; the choir murdered the anthem; and the organist drowned the choir."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

They were at the movies and during an intense love scene she nudged her husband and said, "Why is it that you never make love to me like that?"

"Listen," he snapped, "do you know how much they have to pay that fellow for doing it?"—J. J. Kelly in *Quote.*

Bernard Shaw at a musical evening: a trio of musicians were playing. One lady remarked quietly to Shaw: "They have been playing together for twelve years."

B. S. replied: "It seems to me it's been much longer than that!" —Contributed by R. Groves.

Digging in the backyard is a sign that a Californian is going fishing, a Texan is looking for oil, and a New Yorker is building a fallout shelter. —Harold Coffin in *Wall Street Journal.*

BELL BOY: One who measures his income from tip to tip.—Jack Herbert.